

No. 18
APRIL
MAY

Featuring **NERO FOX**
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



Leading COMICS

10¢

BUT SIRE — IT
ISN'T SUPPOSED
TO BE A STATUE
OF YOU!

IT'S TREASON,
DOGGONIT! THAT
THING LOOKS
LIKE ME,
DOESN'T IT?



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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for **GAZELLE**,

SWIFT BUT ALSO SMART.
HE KNOWS THAT THIS
SYMBOL MEANS
THE BEST IN COMIC ART!



- ON THE COVER OF
**GREEN
LANTERN**,
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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NERO FOX

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF ART—THE ART YOU FIND IN MUSEUMS—AND THE ART OF GETTING INTO TROUBLE / LEAVE IT TO NERO FOX TO MIX THE TWO KINDS UP TOGETHER IN A HECTIC HASH THAT FINALLY TURNS INTO...

"The MEAT BALL BLUES!"



ROME'S WOOGIEY-WHACKY EMPEROR NERO FOX IS BUSILY BLATting AWAY...

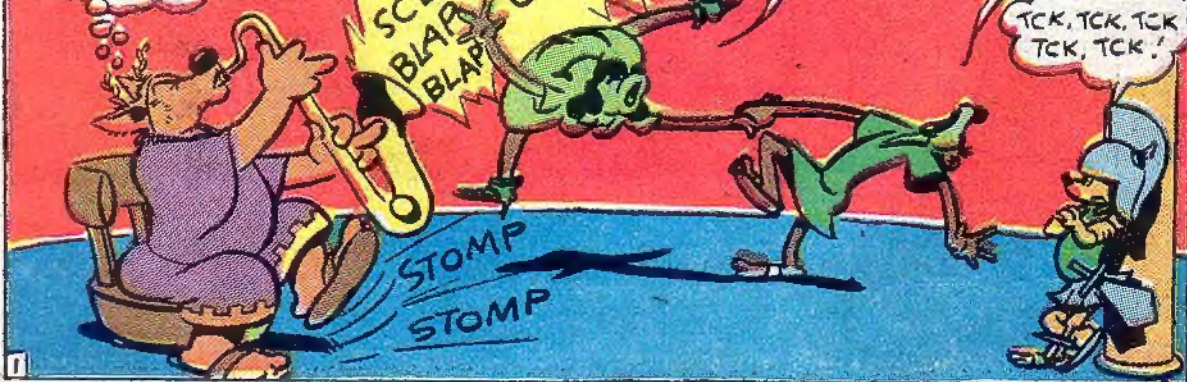
BOY, DO I PLAY A HOT GOBBLE PIPE.

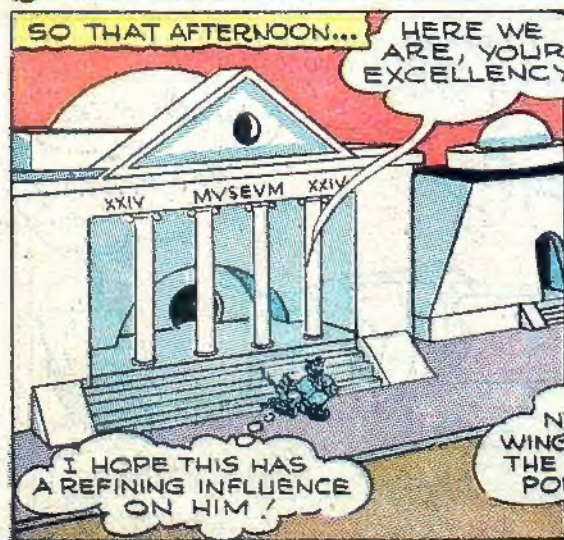
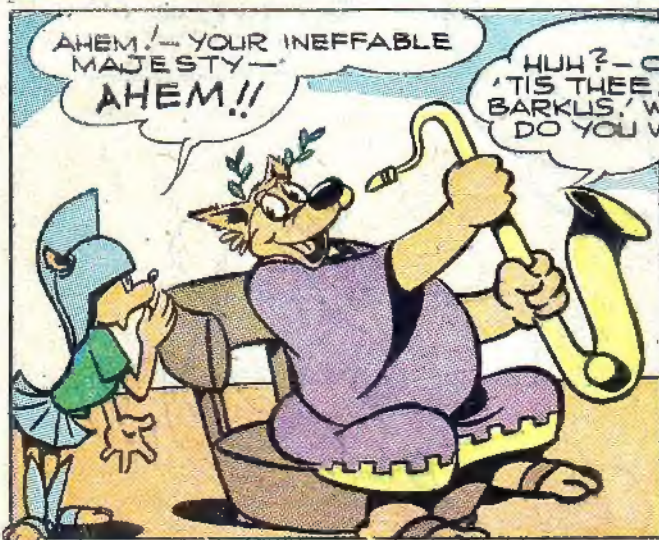
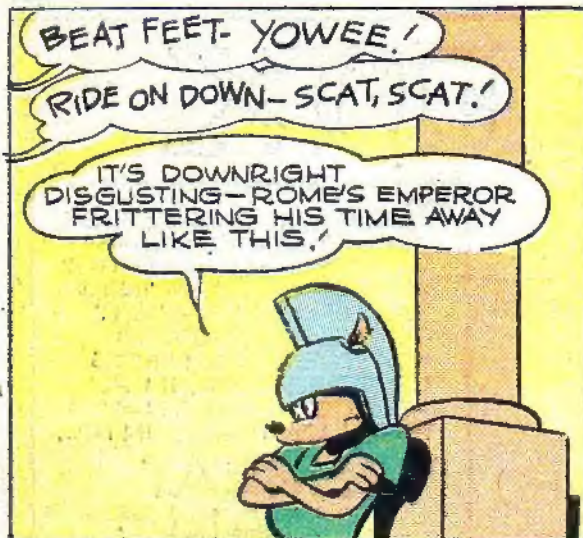
SCEEROOK
BLAT GRONK
BLAT

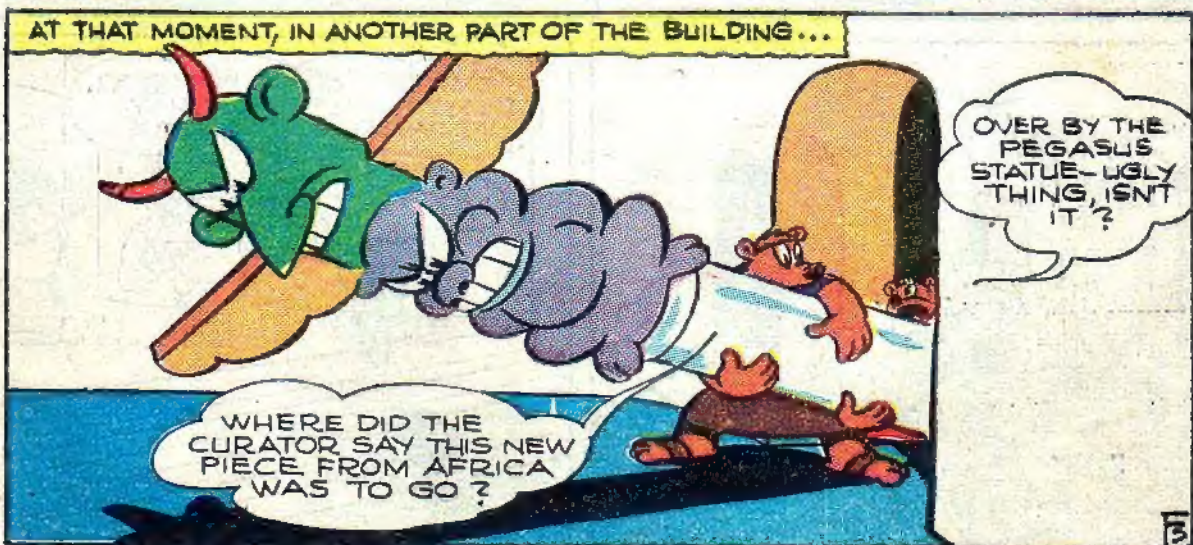
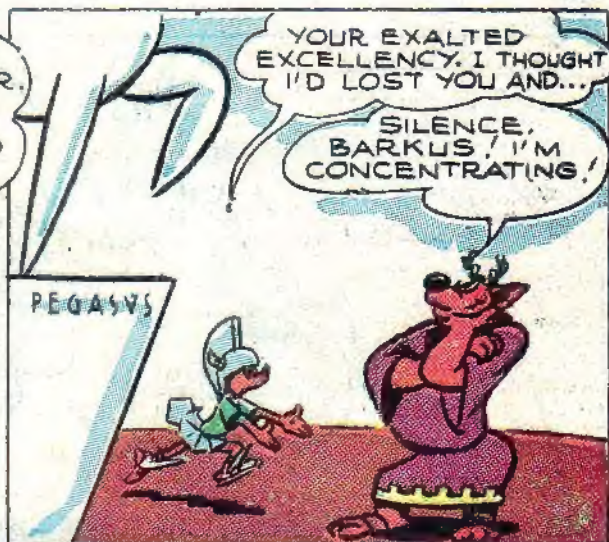
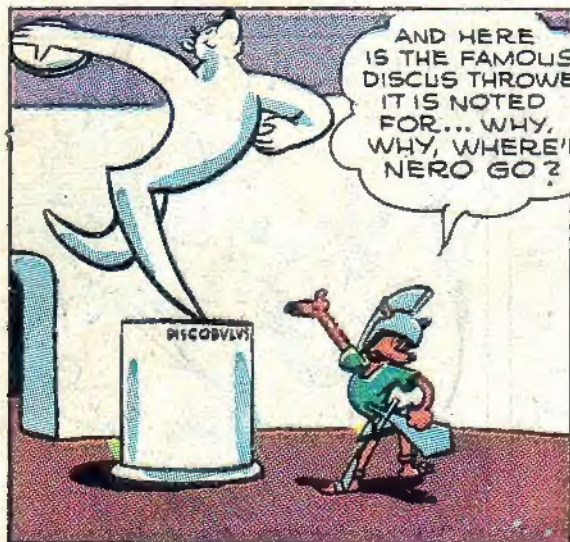
STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT! YIPPEEE!

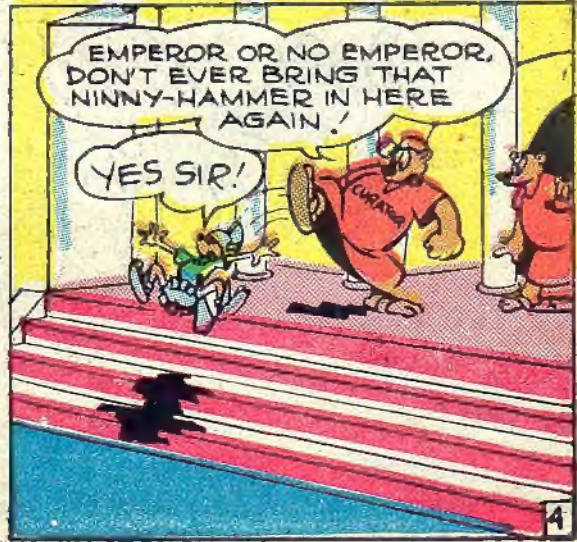
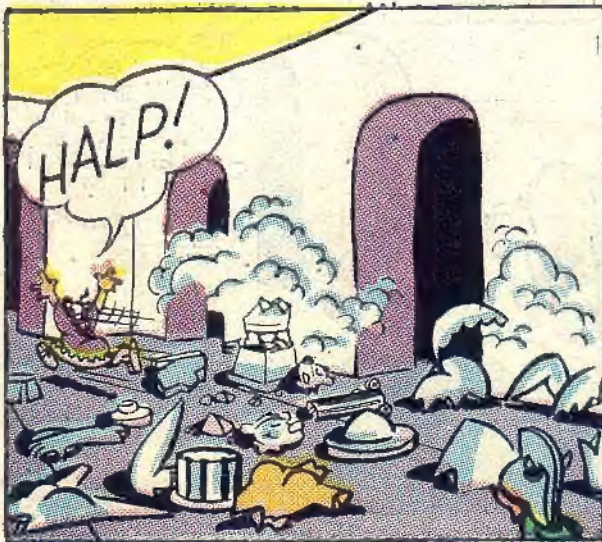
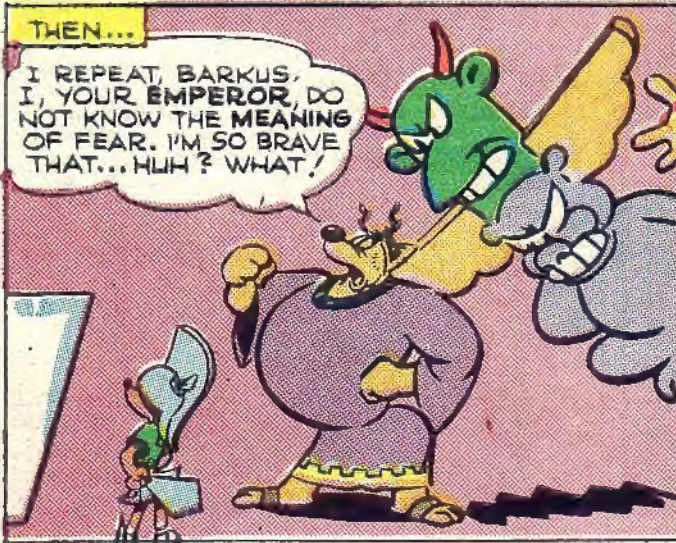
LIFT UP THE RUG AND KICK IT UNDER... WHOOPEE!

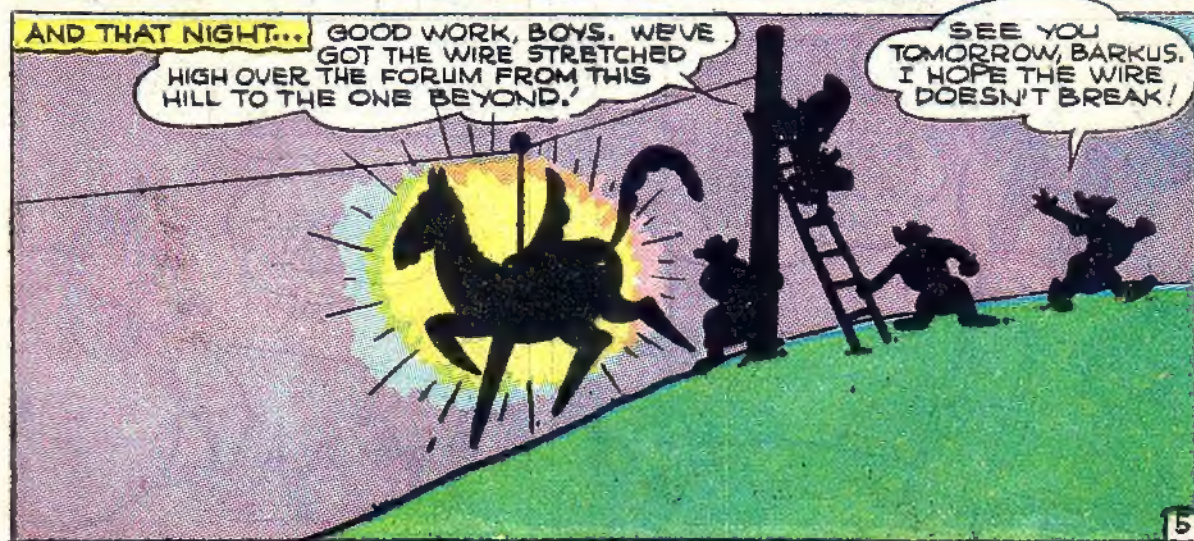
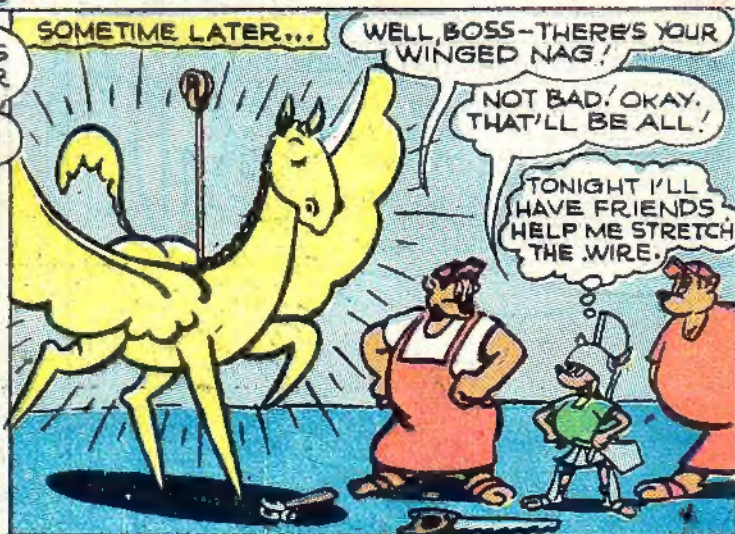
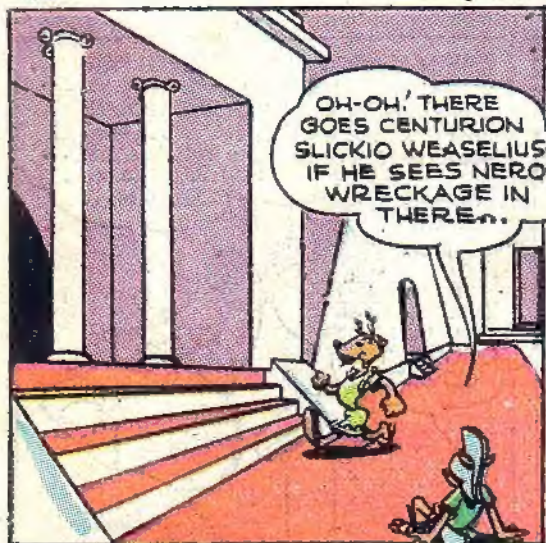
TCK, TCK, TCK
TCK, TCK!











AND WITH THE MORROW...

CITIZENS OF ROME, I HAVE CALLED YOU TOGETHER TO SHOW YOU WHAT EMPEROR NERO HAS DONE. FIRST GABIBUS MAXIMUS WILL ADDRESS YOU, THEN WE'LL LIFT THE COVER!

AHEM, (COUGH... COUGH) AHEM...



FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN... LEND ME TWO BITS — ER—AHEM—I MEAN YOUR EARS. I COME TO BLARE AT NERO NOT TO HAZE HIM. YOU WILL SEE... BLAH... BLAH... BLAH...

MAKE IT SHORT!

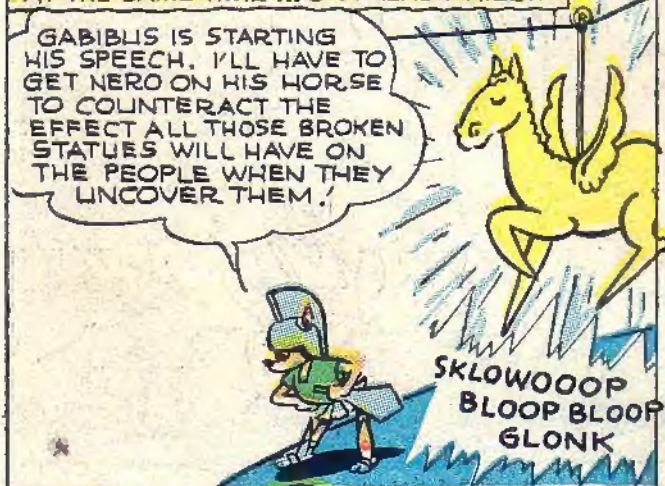
STOP BEATING YOUR TEETH, COME ON, WHAT'S UNDER THE COVER?



AT THE SAME TIME ... ON PALACE HILL...

GABIBUS IS STARTING HIS SPEECH. I'LL HAVE TO GET NERO ON HIS HORSE TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECT ALL THOSE BROKEN STATUES WILL HAVE ON THE PEOPLE WHEN THEY UNCOVER THEM.

SKLOWWOOP
BLOOP BLOOP
GLONK



OH IMMORTAL SPIRIT OF PAN, THE ARTIFICIAL HORSE IS READY!

HUH? HORSE? OH, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT! OKAY.



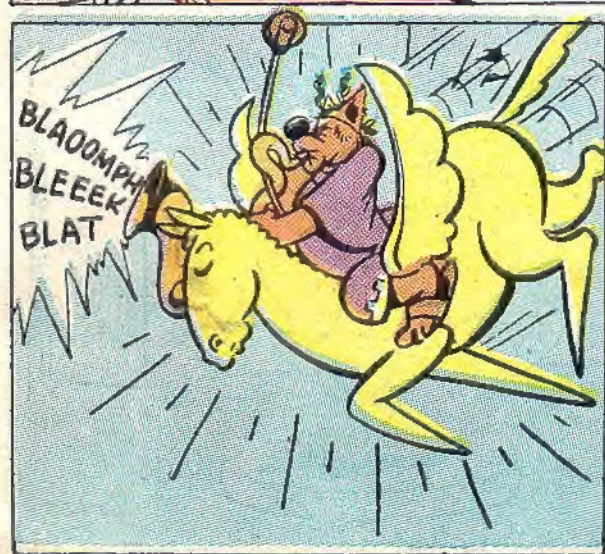
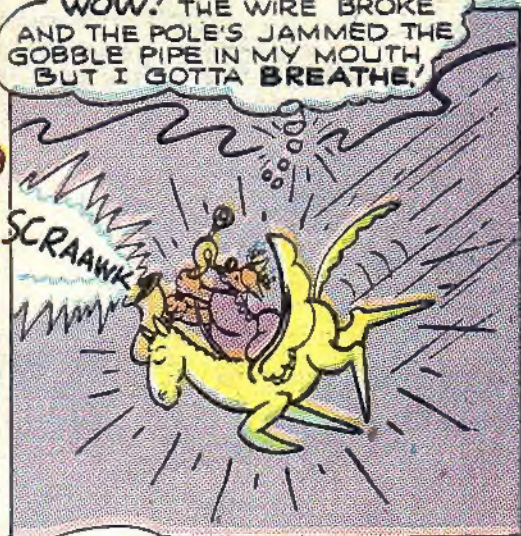
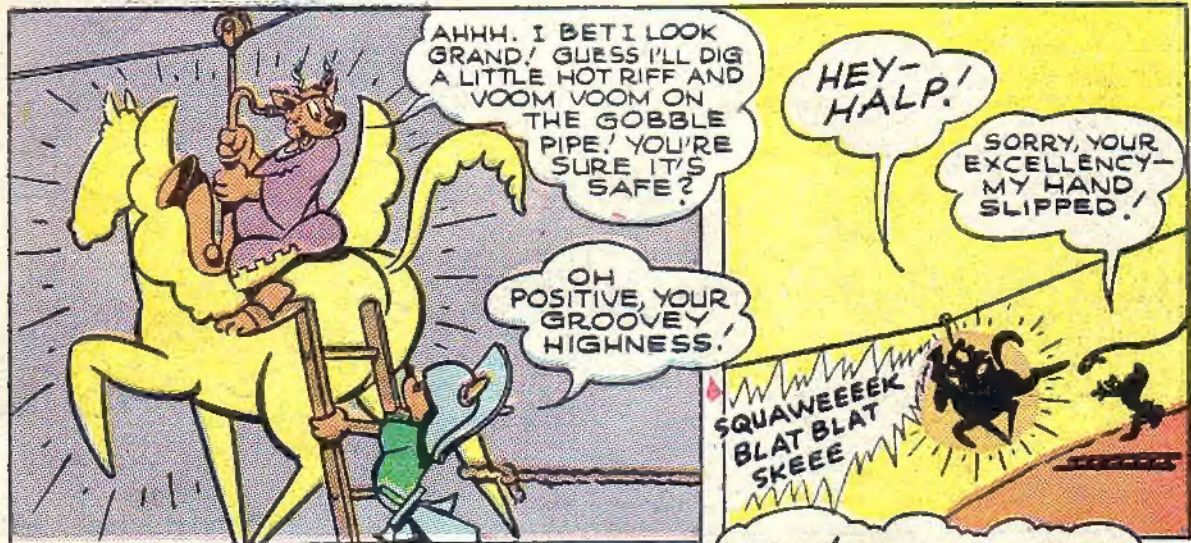
YOU M-MEAN I'M TO R-R-RIDE THAT TH-THING H-H-HUNDREDS OF F-FEET ABOVE THE C-CITY?

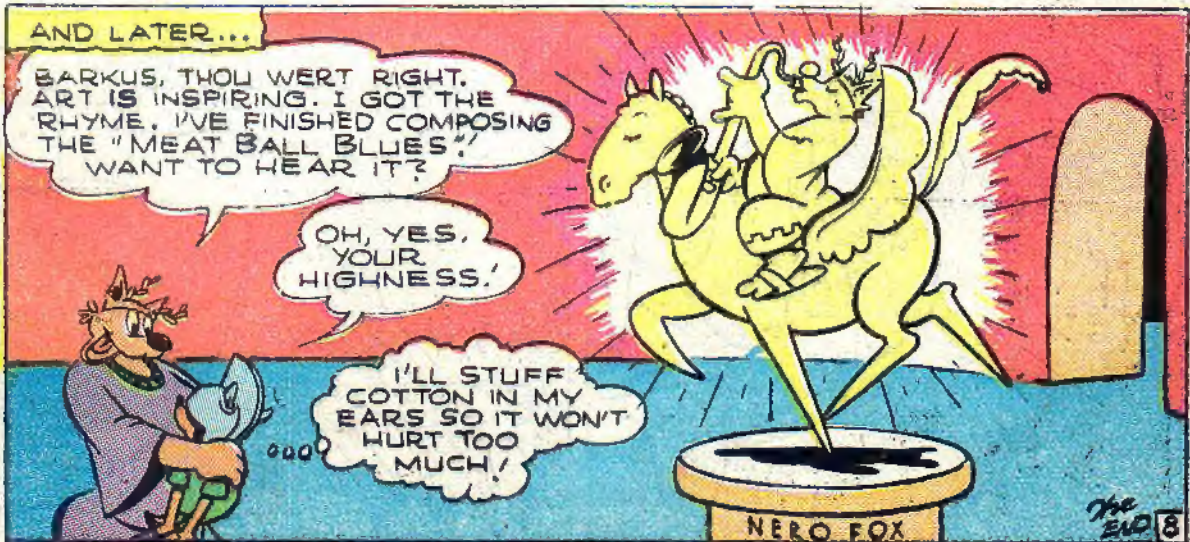
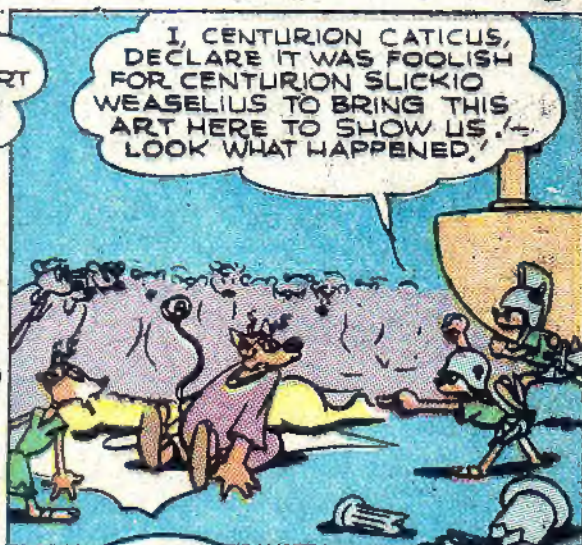
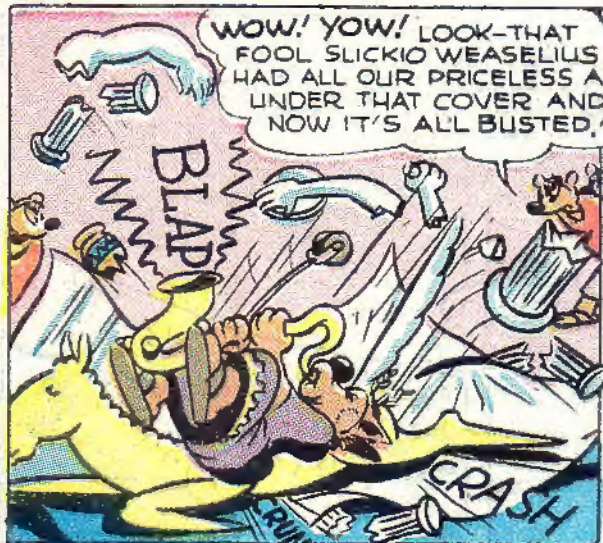


YOUR THRONE DEPENDS ON IT, YOUR HIGHNESS—

OH, WELL—IN THAT CASE—



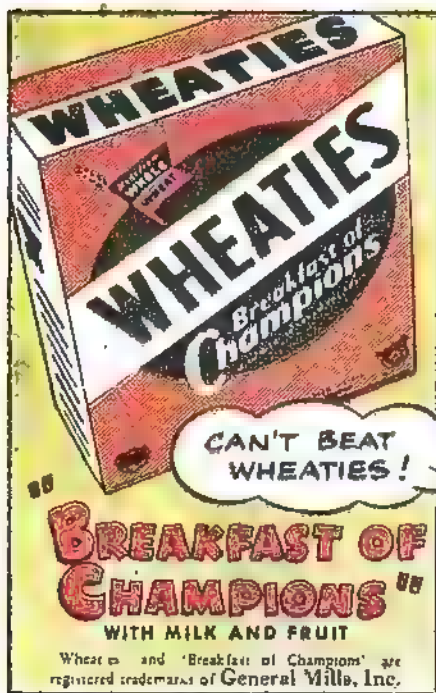




TOMORROW WE START
TRAININ' FOR A RETURN BOUT
--THIS TIME WITH PLENTY
OF WHEATIES!



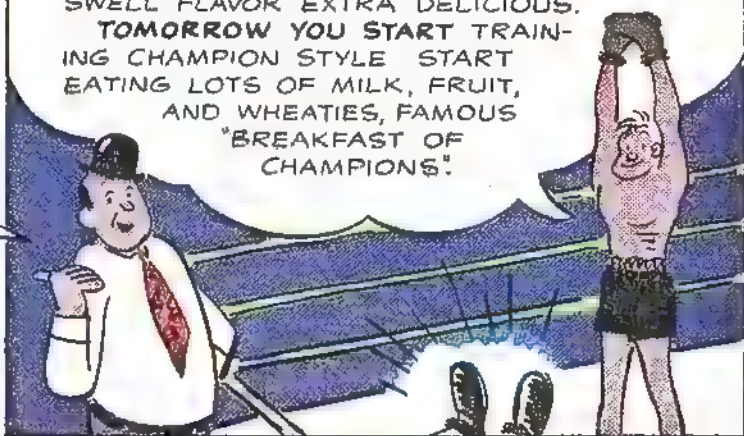
Poland
55



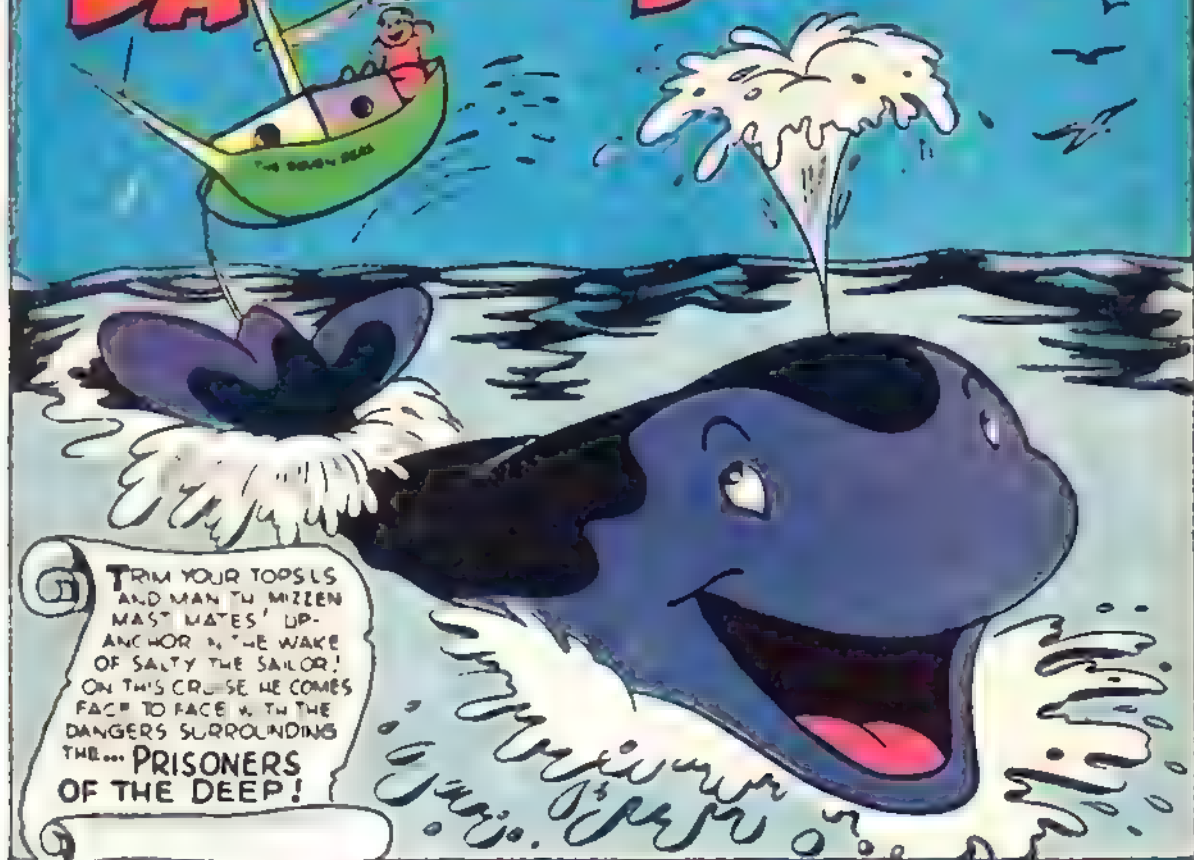
PLENTY OF WHEATIES --THAT'S FOR YOU!

WHEATIES PACK PLENTY OF SOCK NOUR-
ISHMENT -- BEING FLAKES OF REAL
WHOLE WHEAT. CHAMPS IN THE GOOD
EATS DEPARTMENT, TOO, WHEATIES ARE
MALT-RICH! NUT-SWEET! HONEY-SMOOTH!
TOASTED JUST RIGHT TO MAKE ALL THAT
SWELL FLAVOR EXTRA DELICIOUS.

TOMORROW YOU START TRAIN-
ING CHAMPION STYLE! START
EATING LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS".



SALTY THE SAILOR



TRIM YOUR TOPSLS
AND MAN TH' MIZZEN
MAST MATES! UP-
ANCHOR IN THE WAKE
OF SALTY THE SAILOR!
ON THIS CRUISE HE COMES
FACE TO FACE W. TH' THE
DANGERS SURROUNDING
THE... PRISONERS
OF THE DEEP!

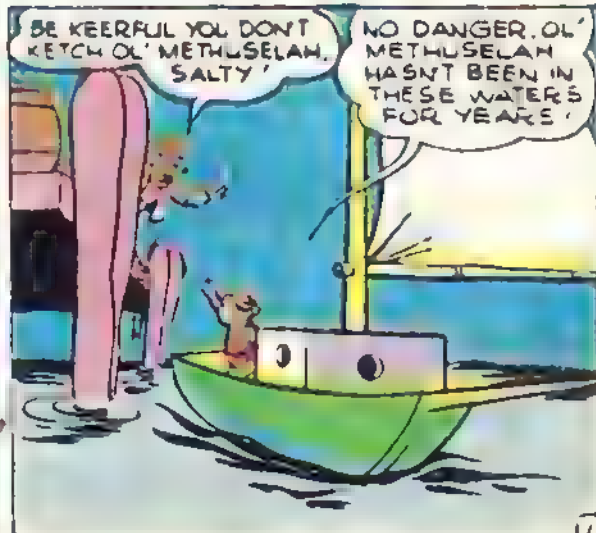
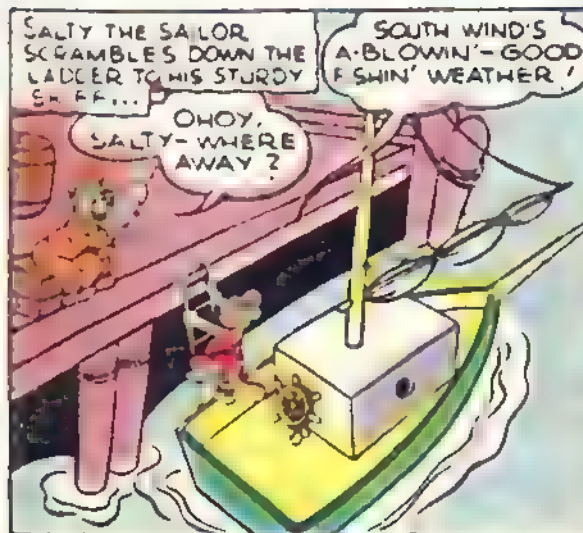
SALTY THE SAILOR
SCRAMBLES DOWN THE
LADDER TO HIS STURDY
SHIP...

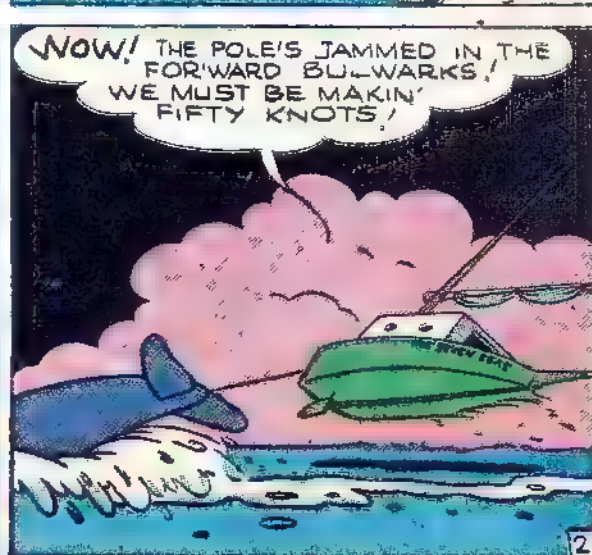
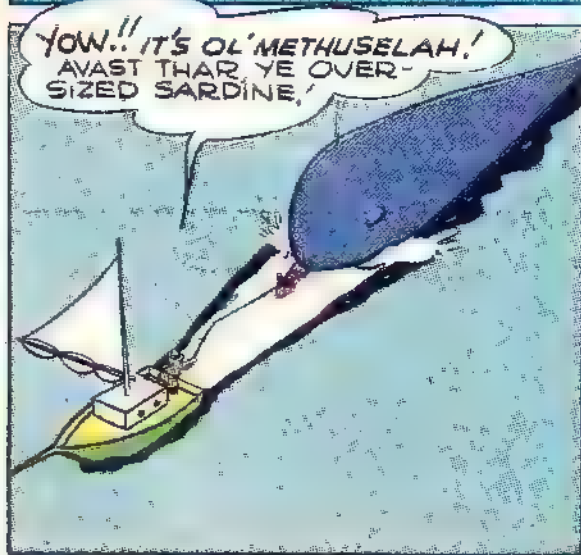
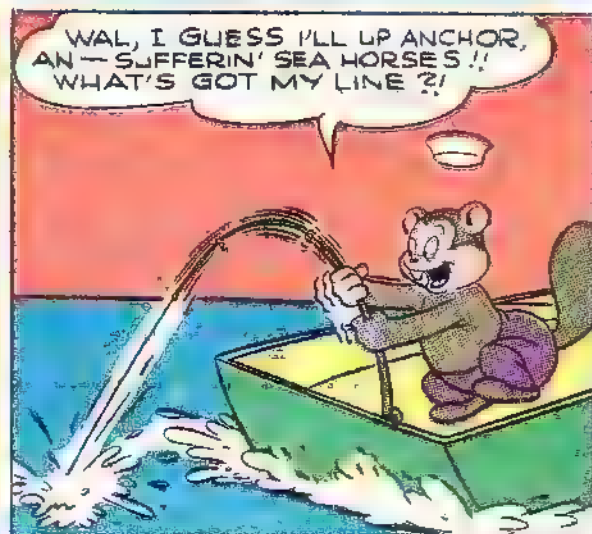
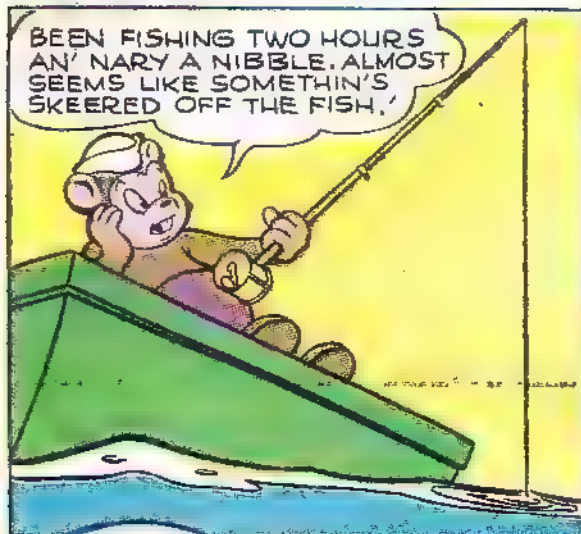
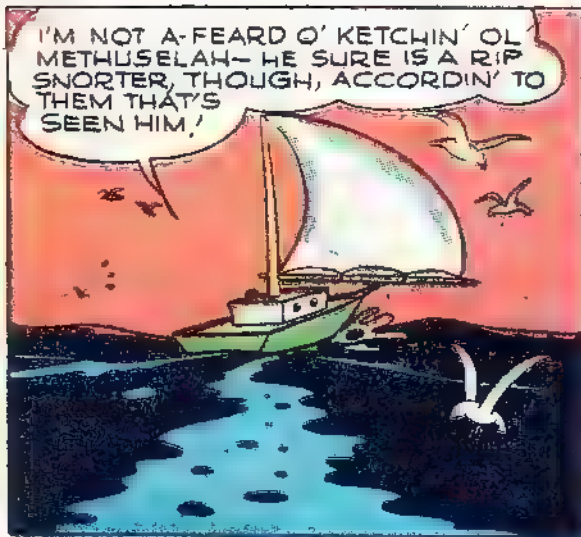
OHOO,
SALTY-WHERE
AWAY?

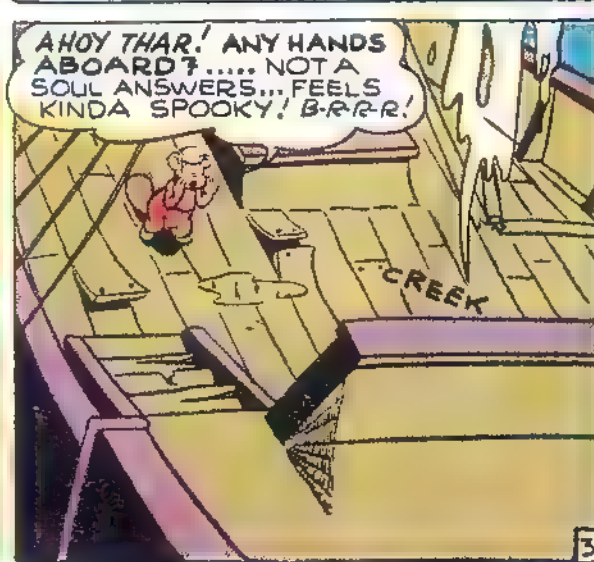
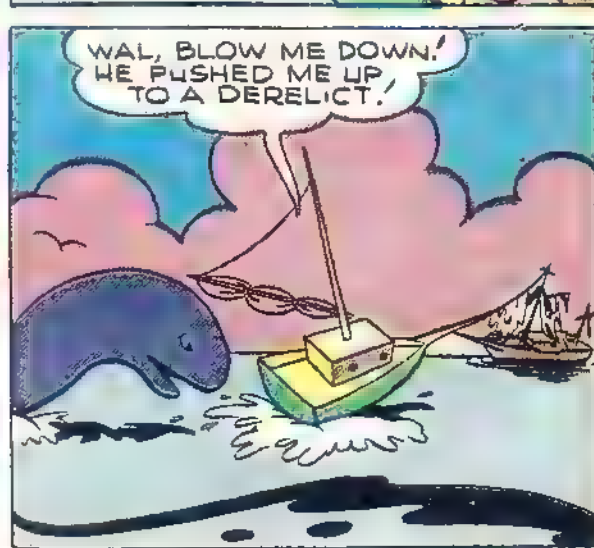
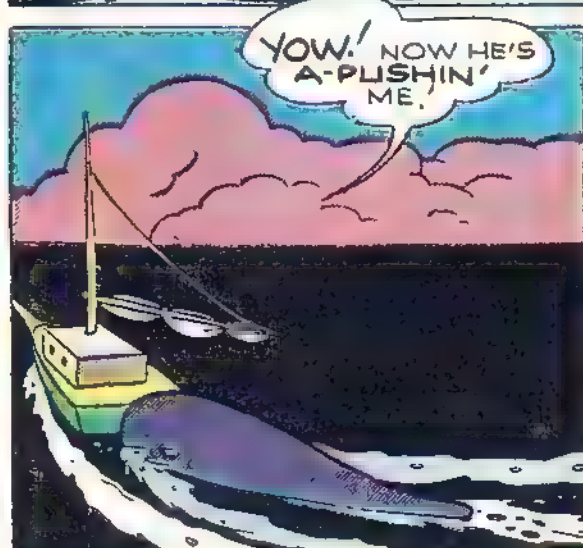
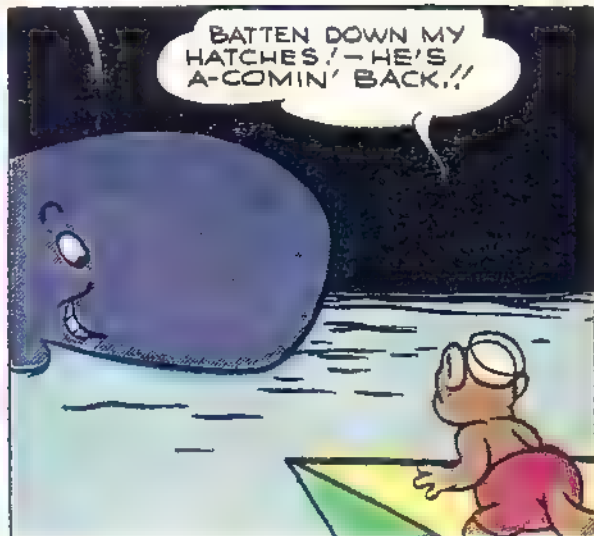
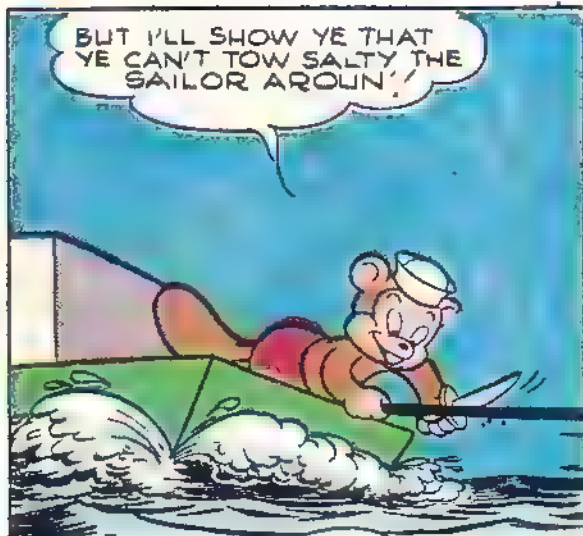
SOUTH WIND'S
A-BLOWIN'-GOOD
FRESHIN' WEATHER!

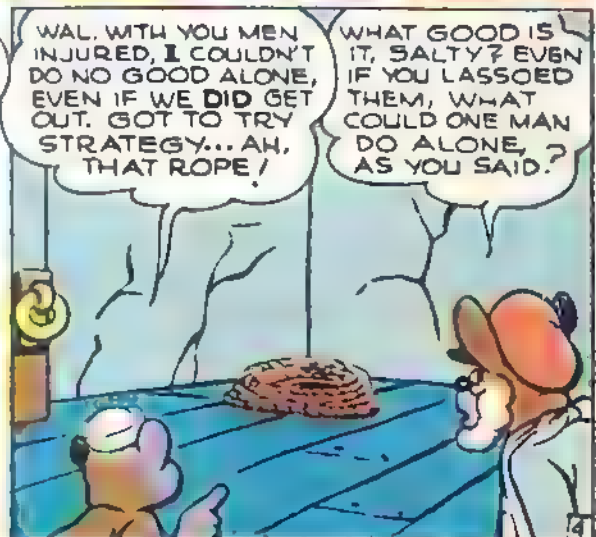
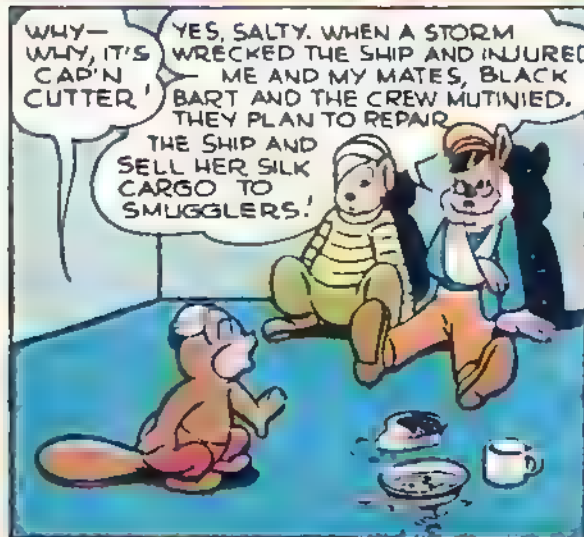
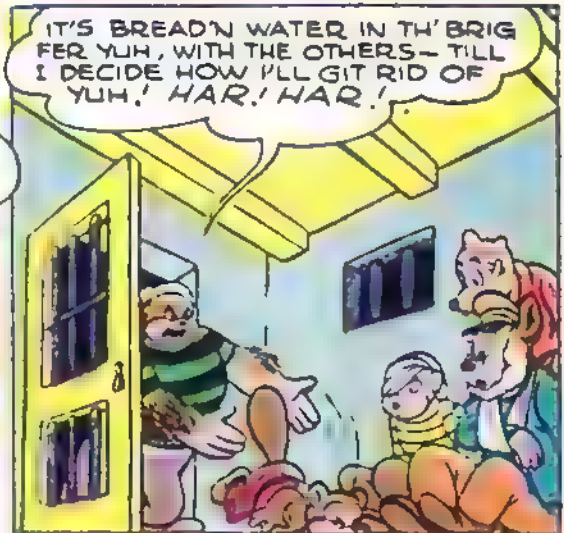
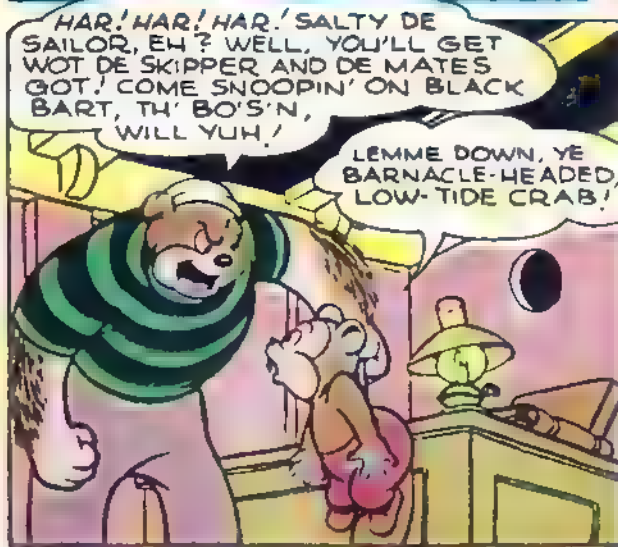
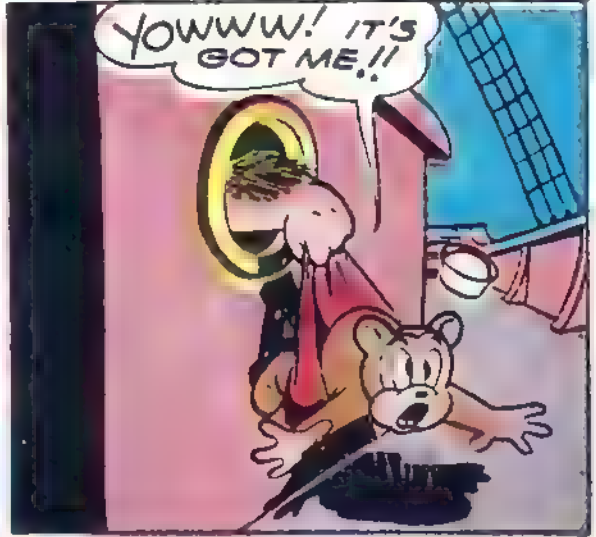
BE KEERFUL YOU DONT
KETCH OL' METHUSELAN,
SALTY!

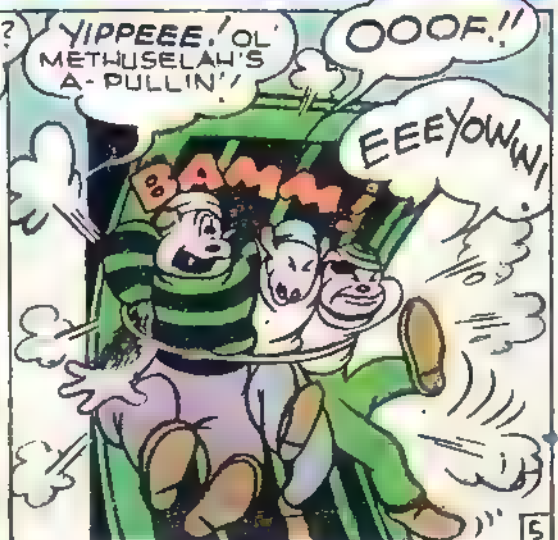
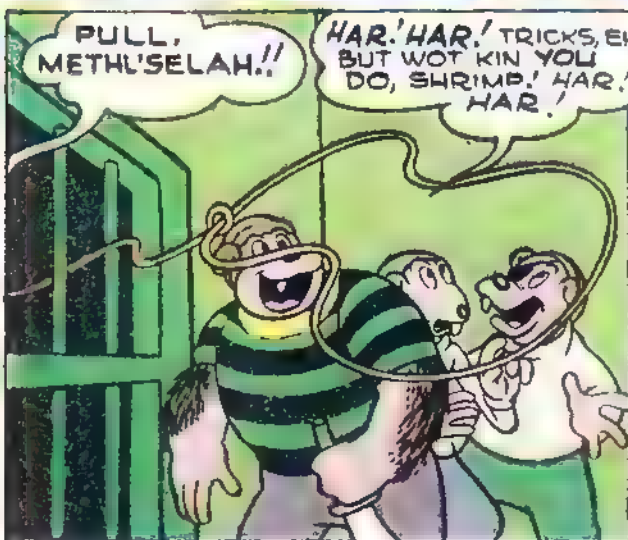
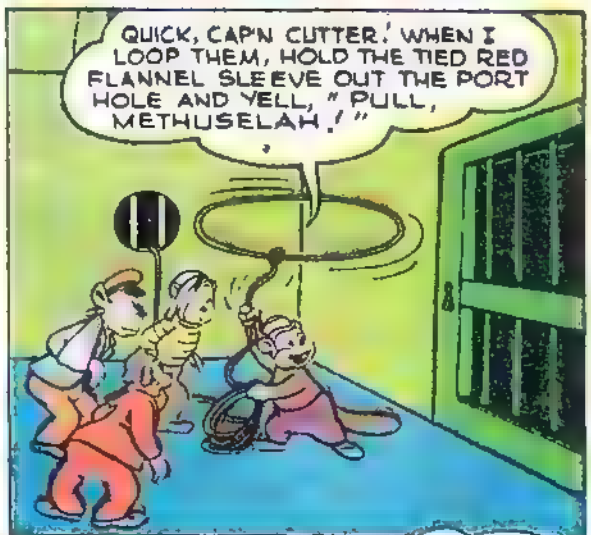
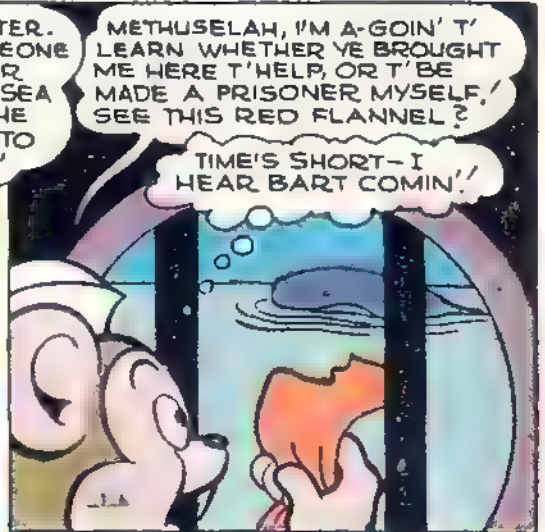
NO DANGER, OL'
METHUSELAN
HASNT BEEN IN
THESE WATERS
FOR YEARS!

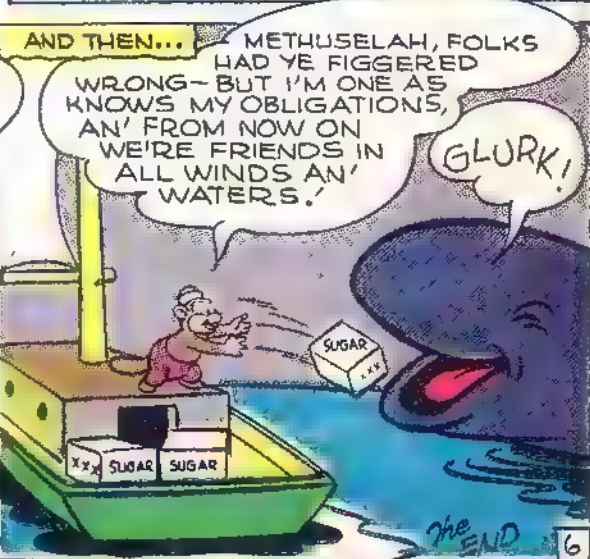
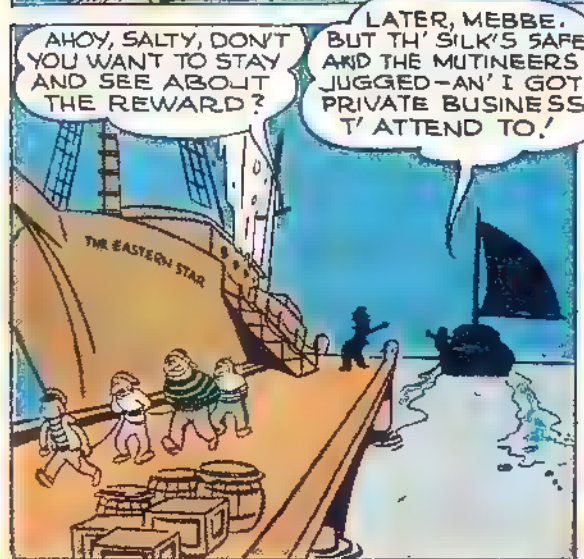
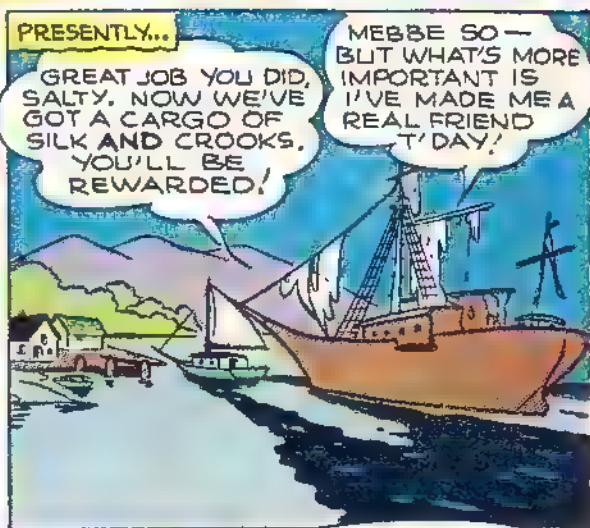
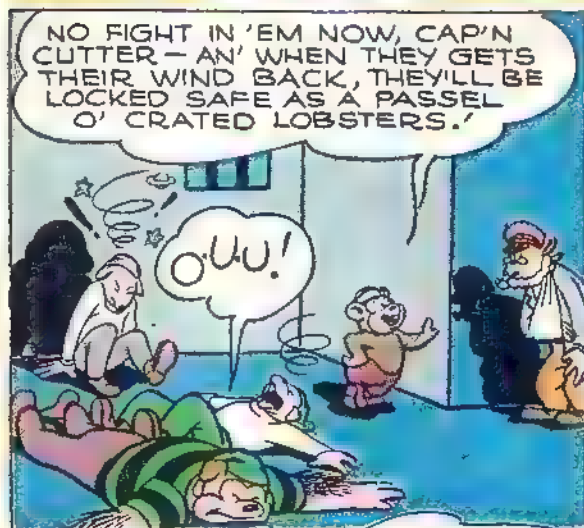
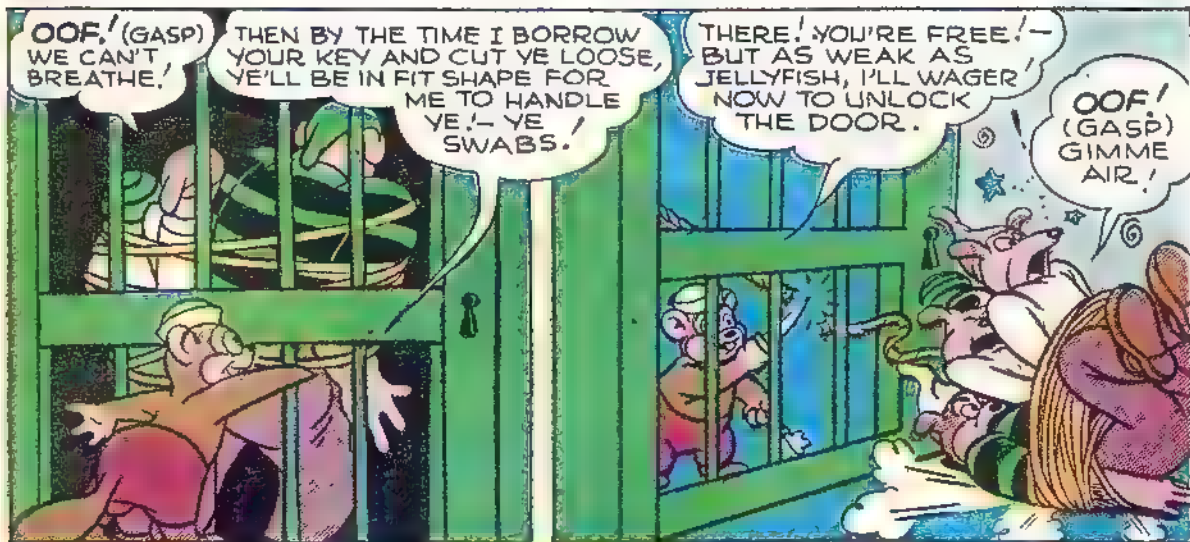


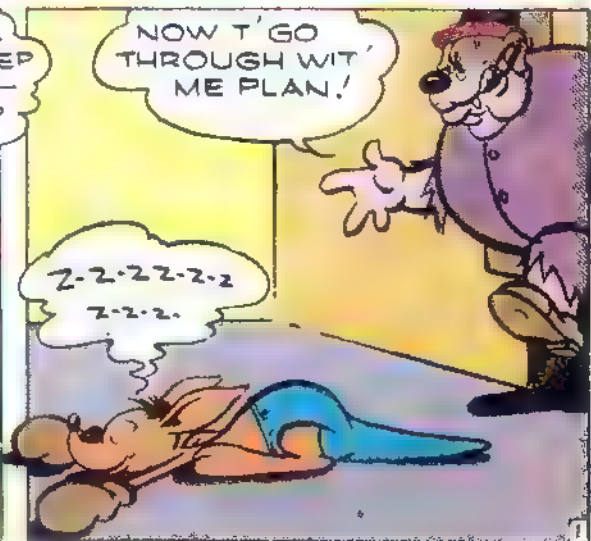
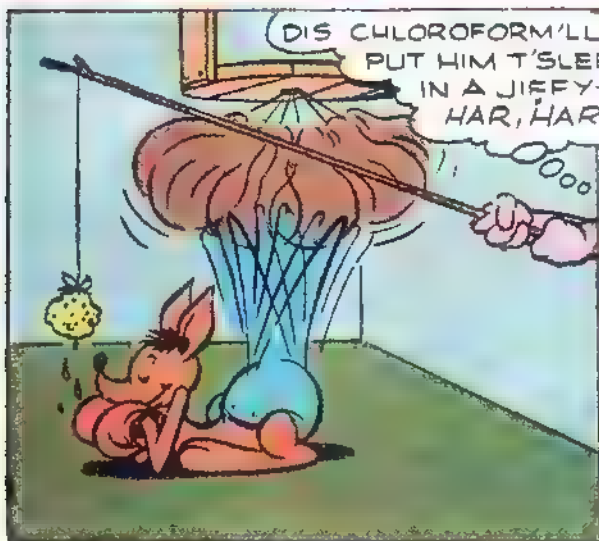
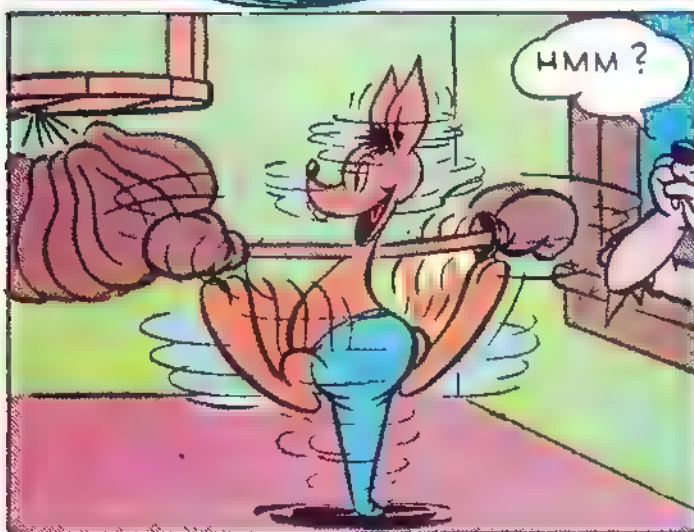
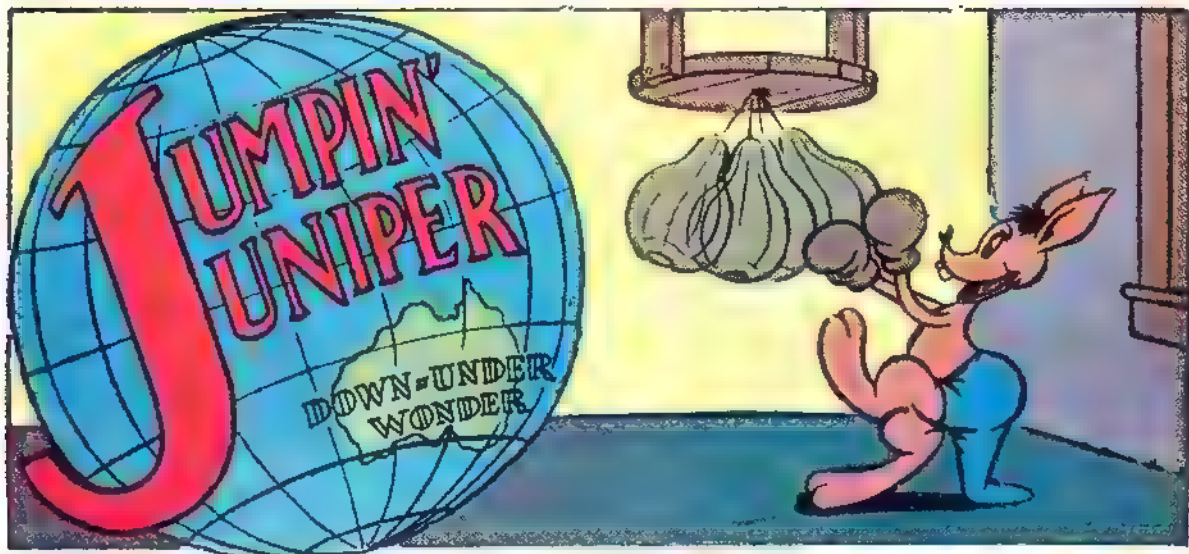


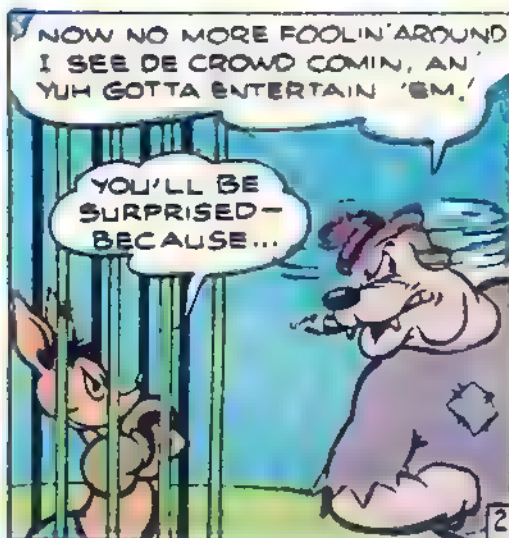
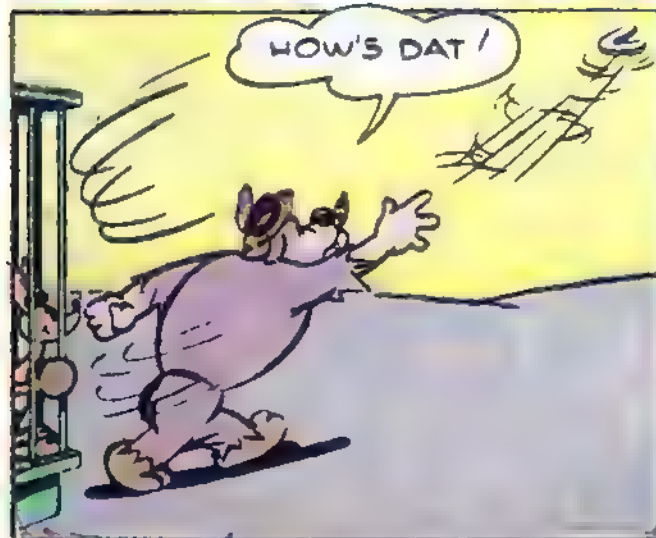
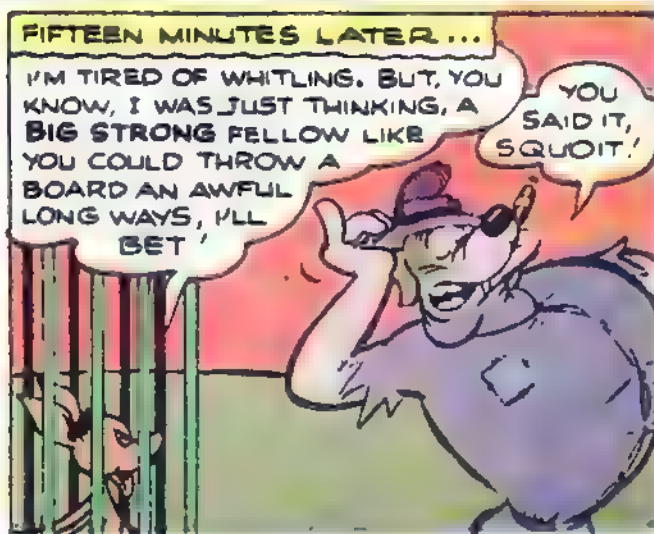
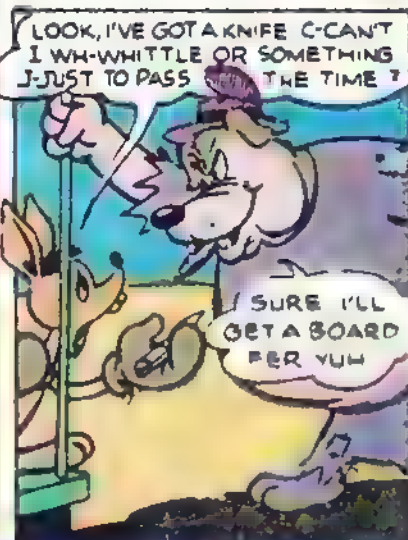
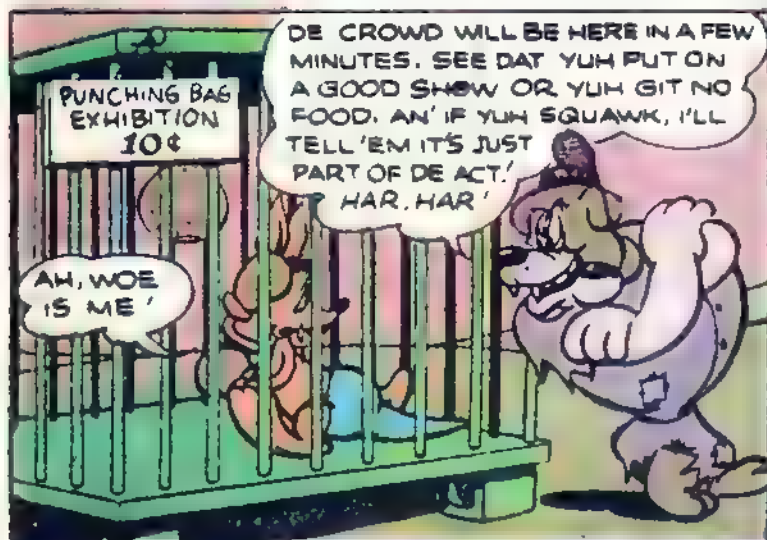


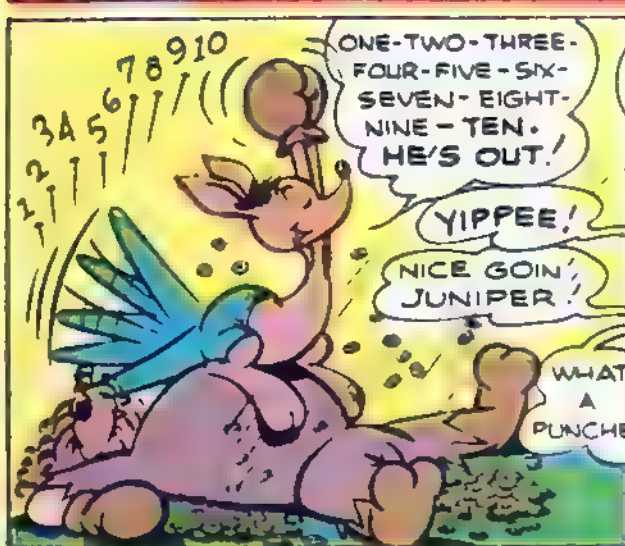
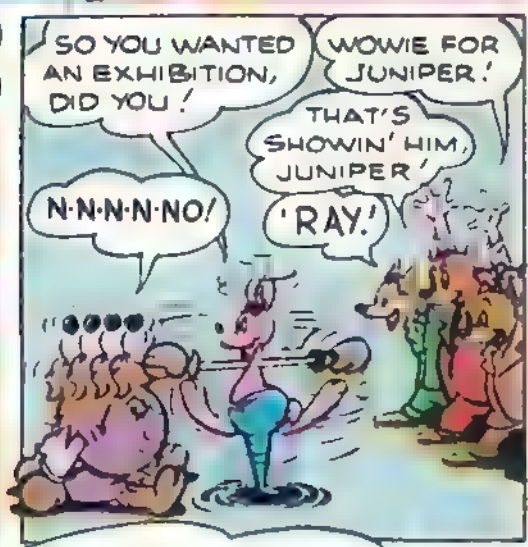
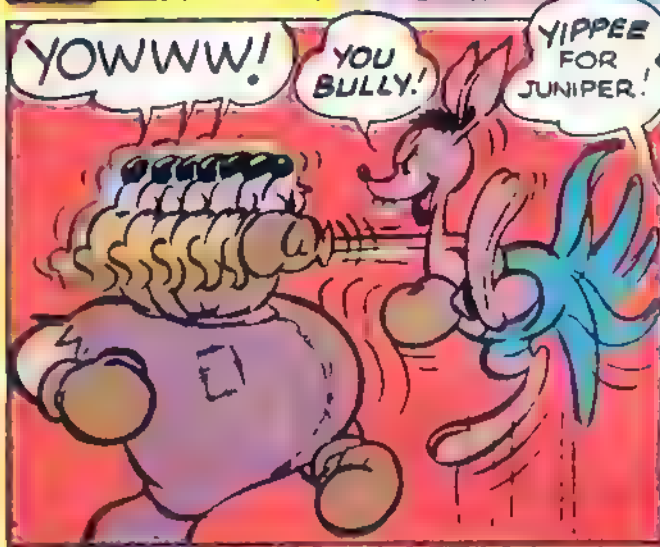
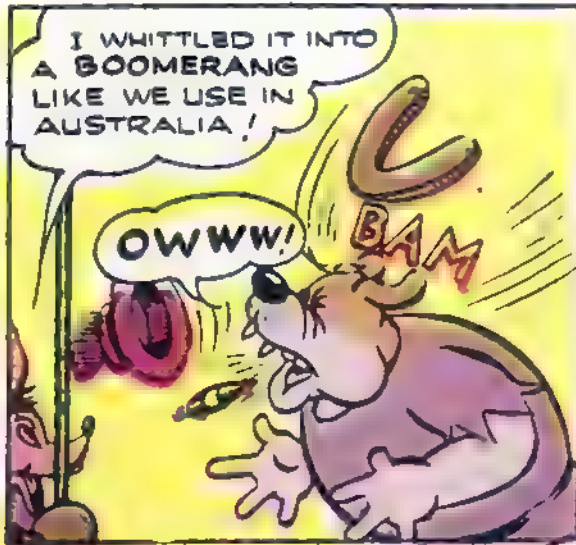


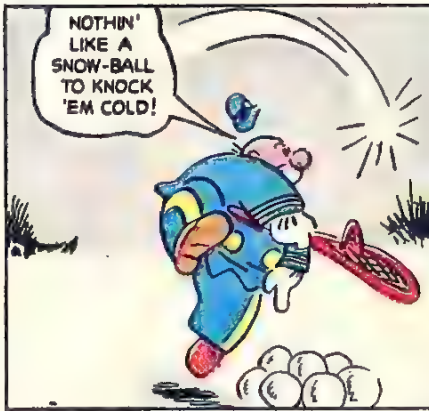
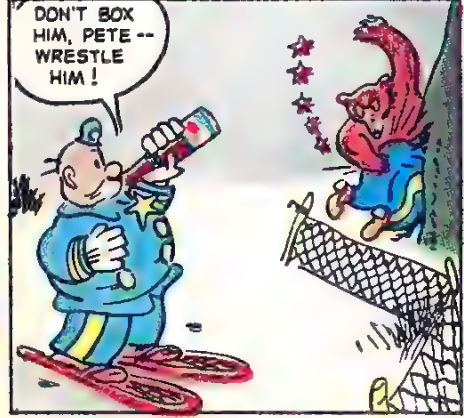
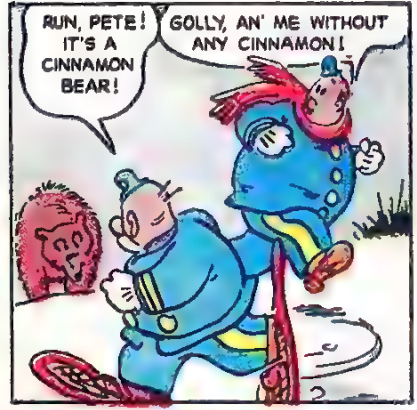
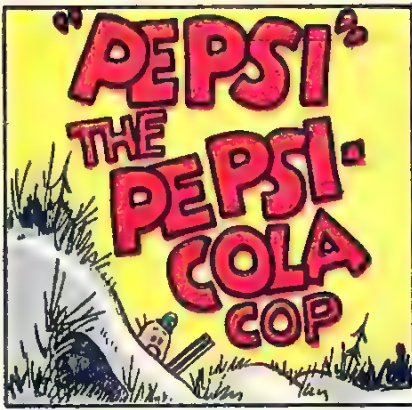




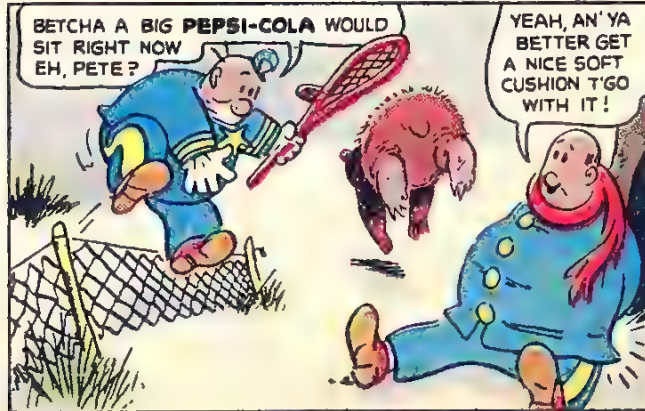




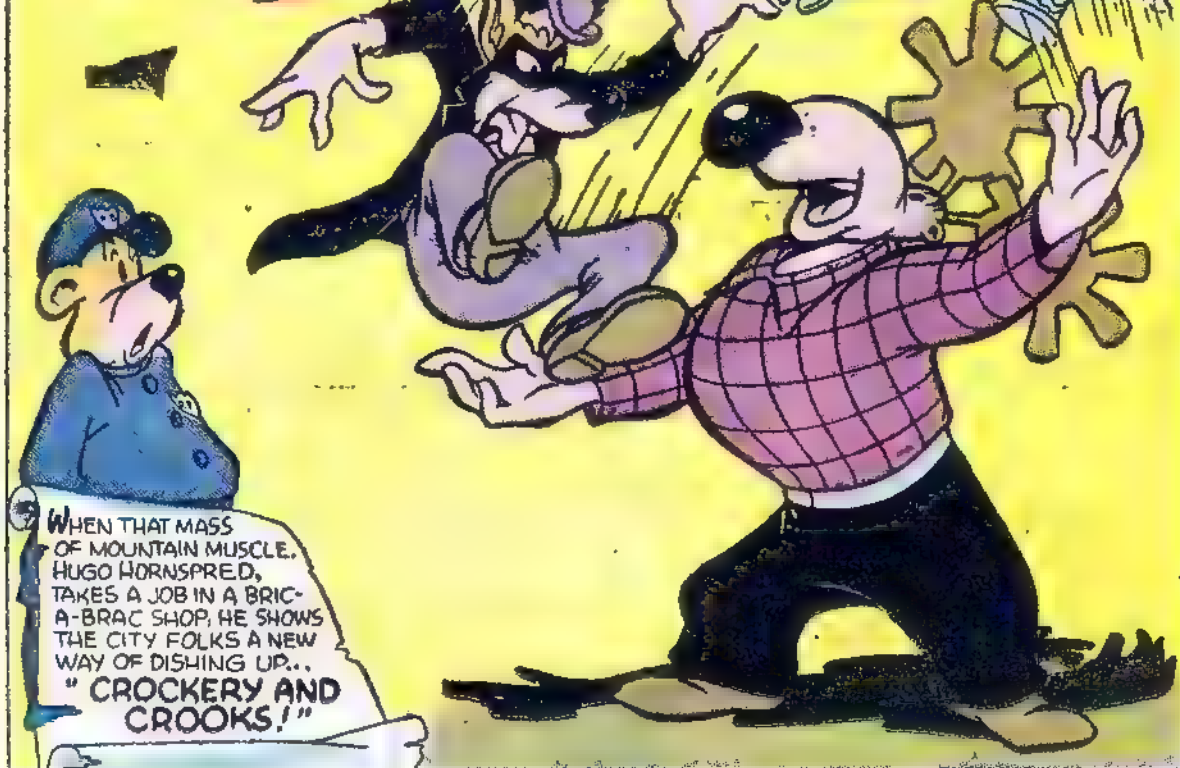




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HUGO Hornspred



WHEN THAT MASS
OF MOUNTAIN MUSCLE,
HUGO HORNSPRED,
TAKES A JOB IN A BRIC-
A-BRAC SHOP, HE SHOWS
THE CITY FOLKS A NEW
WAY OF DISHING UP...
"CROCKERY AND
CROOKS!"

HUGO HORNSPRED AND HIS PARENTS SPEND A
HAPPY EVENING AT THEIR FIRESIDE...

HUGO, STOP THET THERE ABENDIN' TH' STOVE POKER
INTO GRANNY KNOTS.

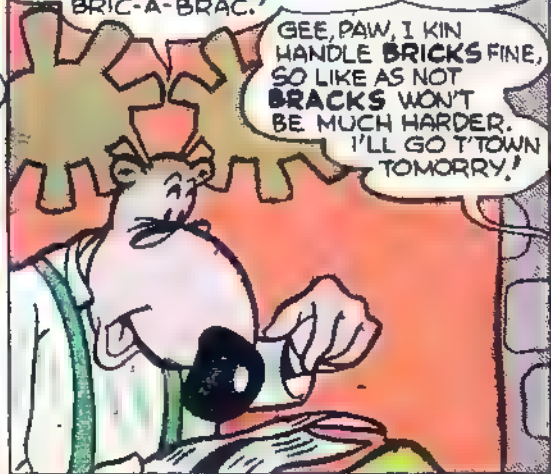
LAND SAKES!

AW, SHUCKS, SAND AN
SAWDUST, MAW-YOU KNOW I'LL
STRAIGHTEN IT OUT AG'IN'

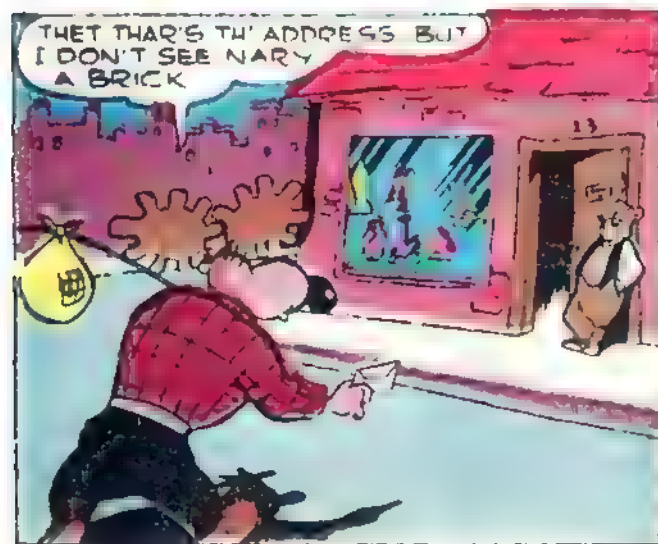
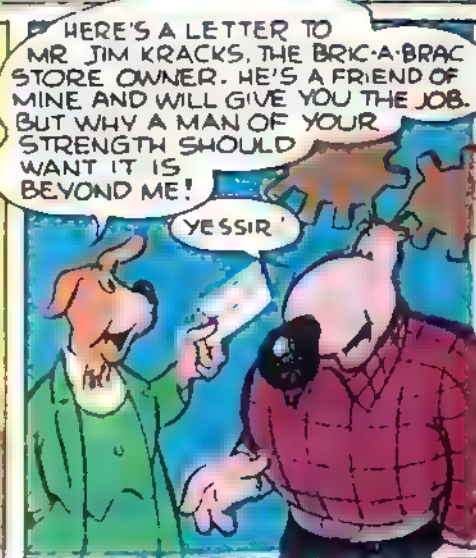
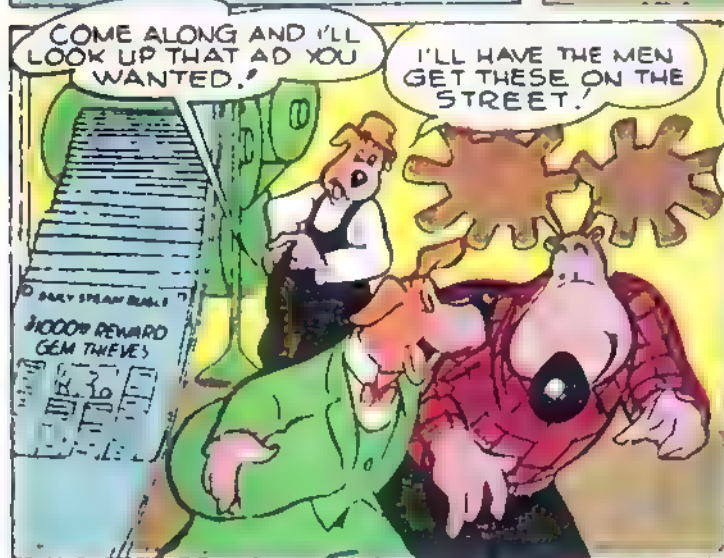
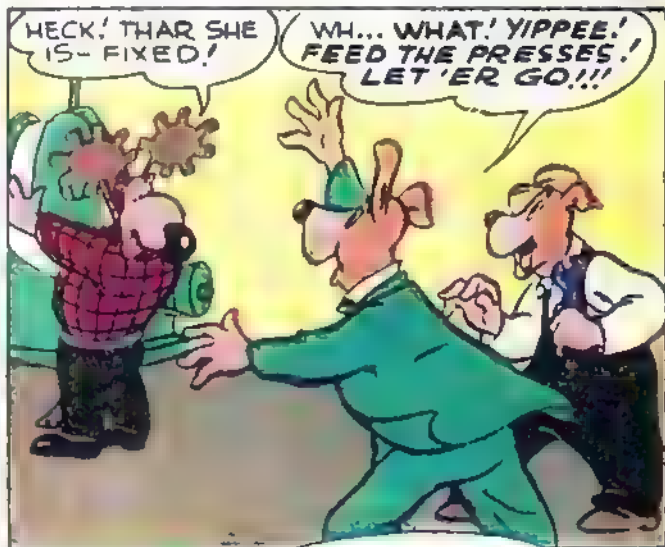
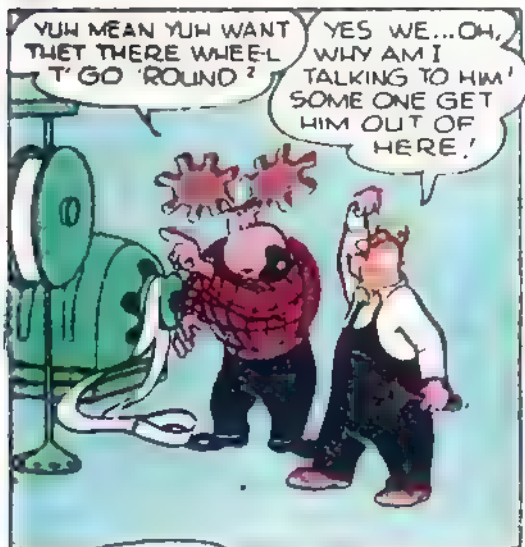


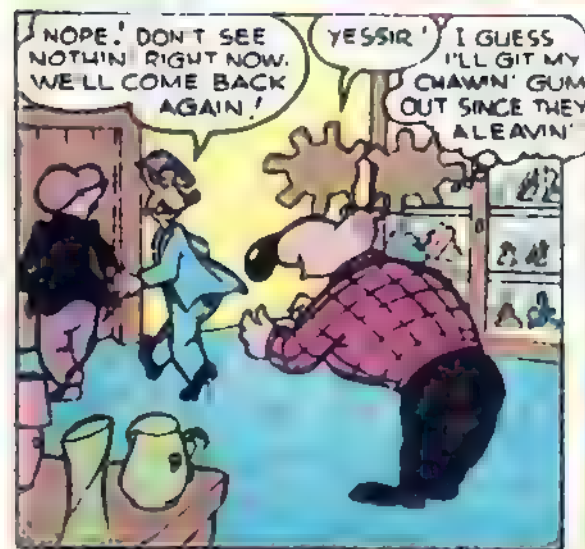
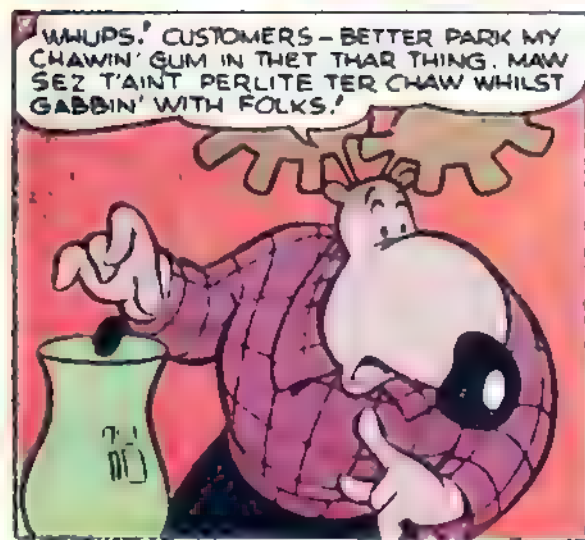
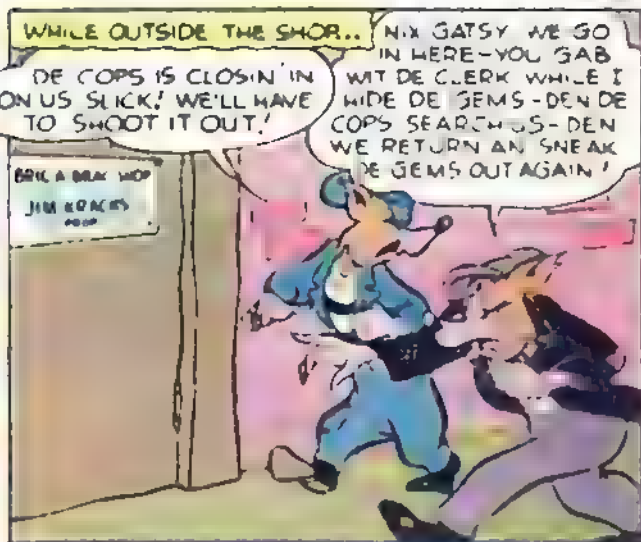
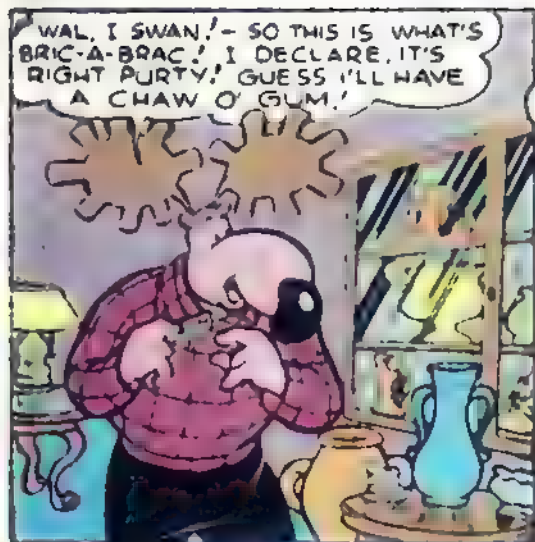
HMMM... HUGO, IT SEZ HERE THERE'S A JOB
IN TOWN FER A FELLER WHO KIN HANDLE
BRIC-A-BRAC.

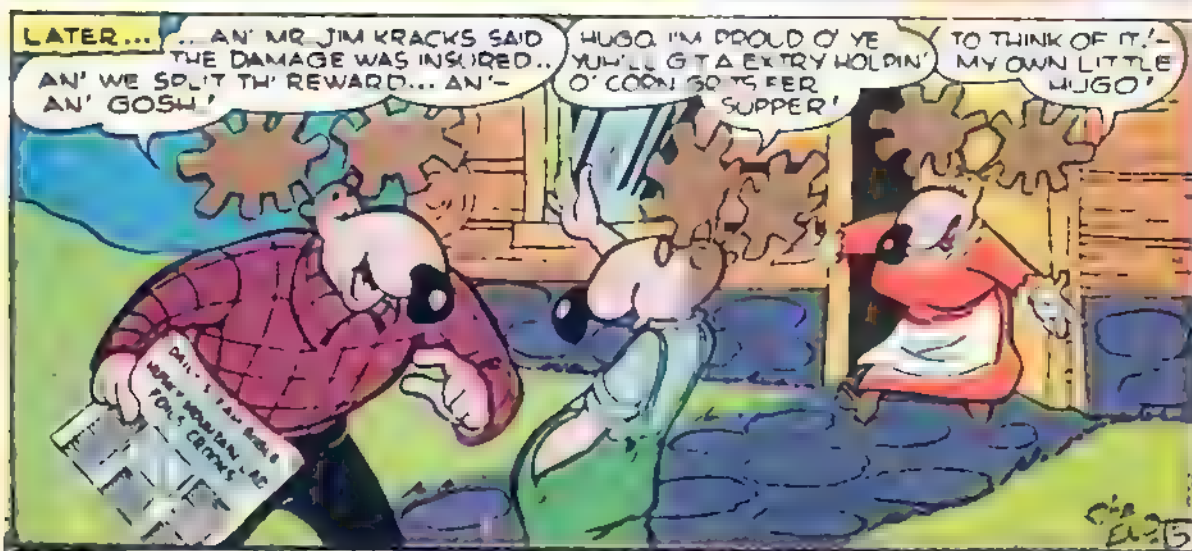
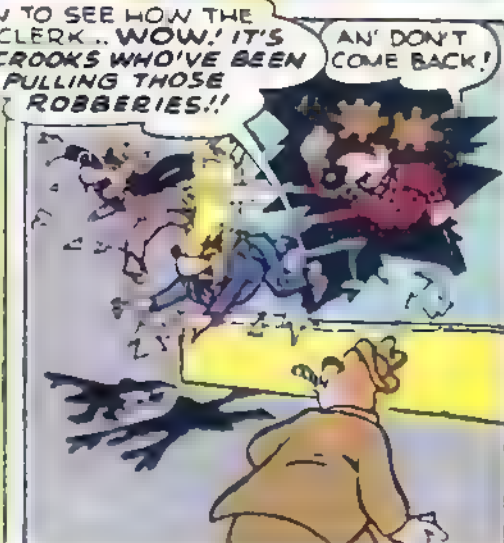
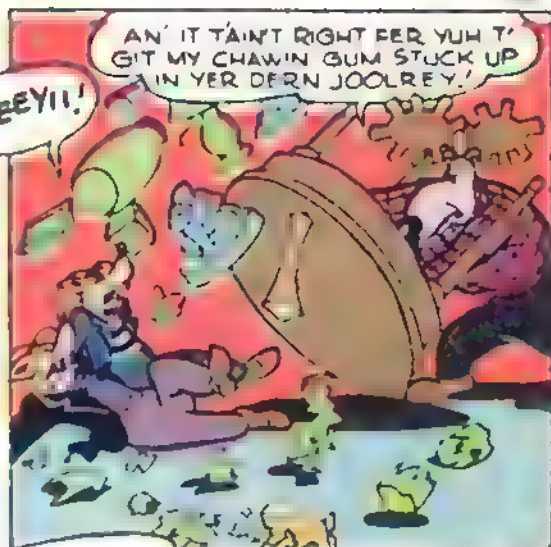
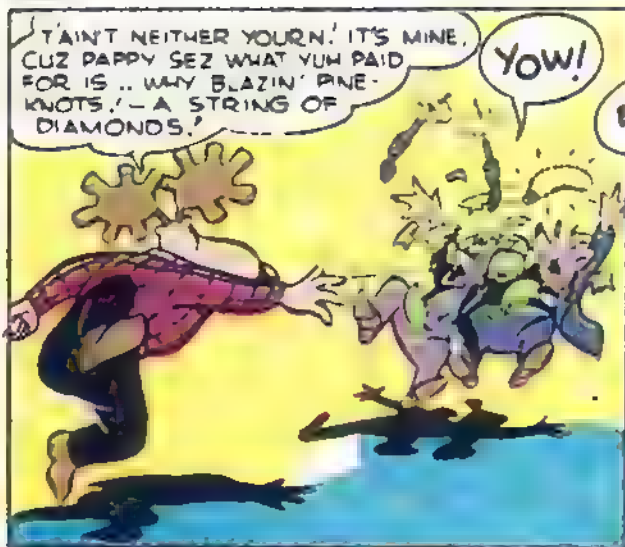
GEE, PAW, I KIN
HANDLE BRICKS FINE,
SO LIKE AS NOT
BRACKS WON'T
BE MUCH HARDER.
I'LL GO T'TOWN
TOMORRY!



A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a red shirt, carrying a sack over his shoulder, walking away from a building labeled "THE DAILY STEAM BUOY". A small, dark, frog-like creature is on the ground.



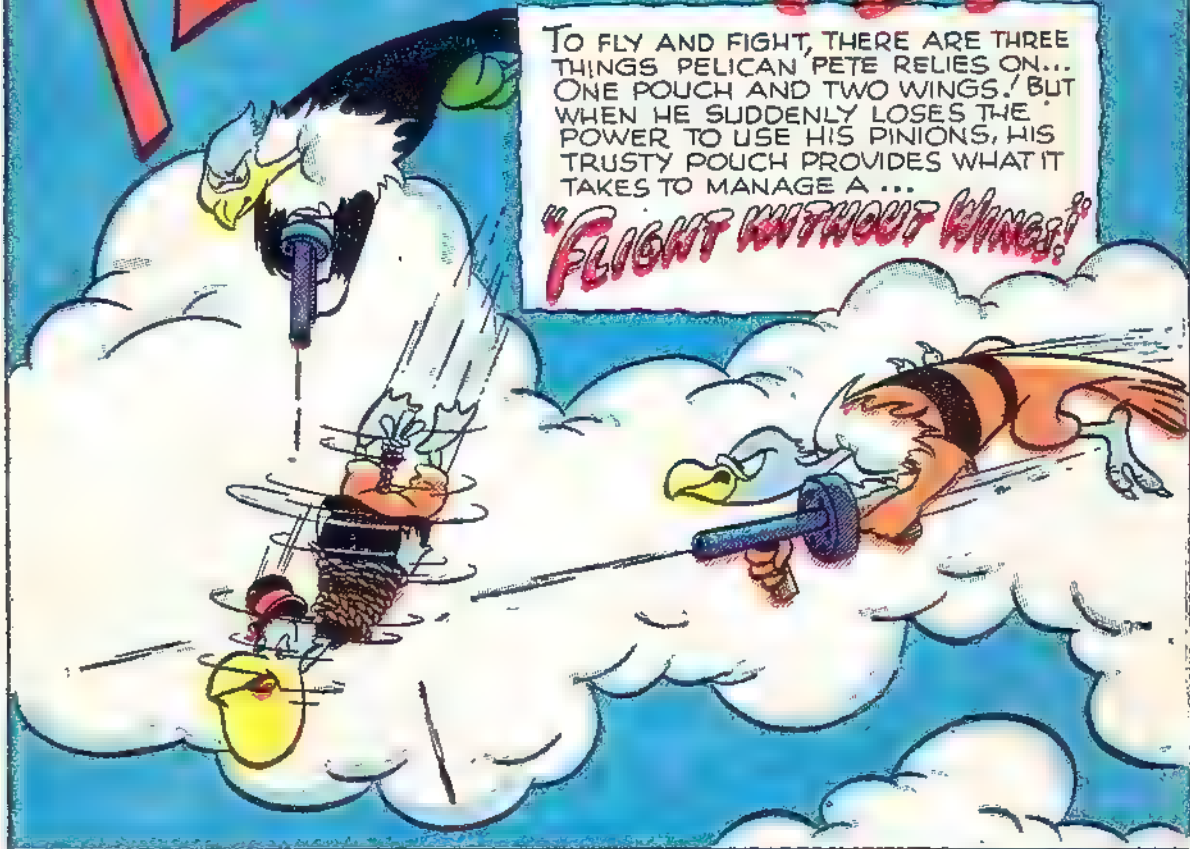




PELICAN PETE

TO FLY AND FIGHT, THERE ARE THREE THINGS PELICAN PETE RELIES ON... ONE POUCH AND TWO WINGS. BUT WHEN HE SUDDENLY LOSES THE POWER TO USE HIS PINIONS, HIS TRUSTY POUCH PROVIDES WHAT IT TAKES TO MANAGE A...

"FLIGHT WITHOUT WINGS!"



WHAT'S THIS? PELICAN PETE'S ENEMIES INVITING HIM TO DINNER?

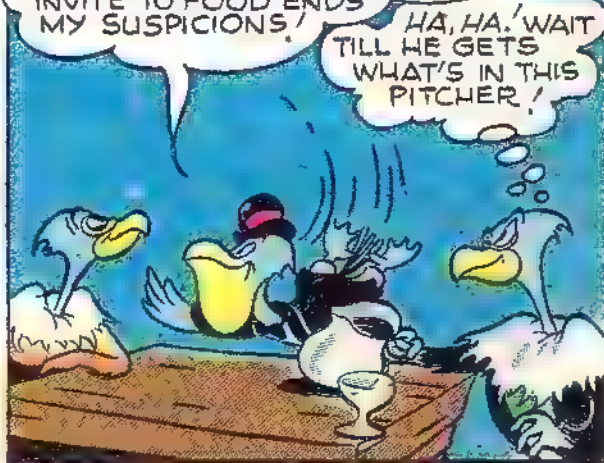
OH, PETE! HOW ABOUT A MEAL? FOR FREE?

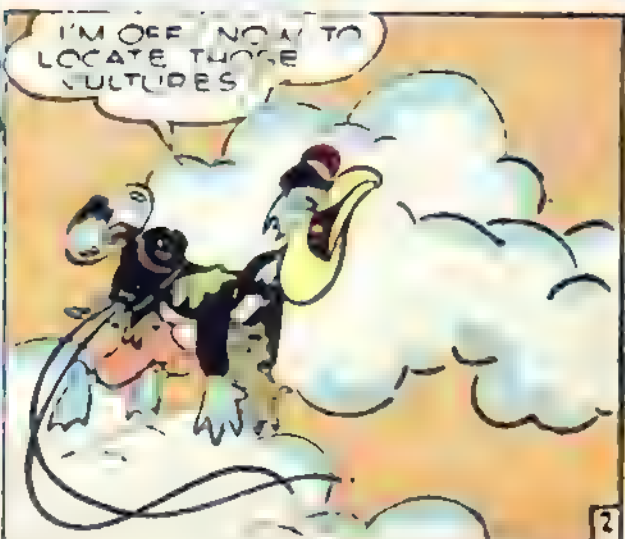
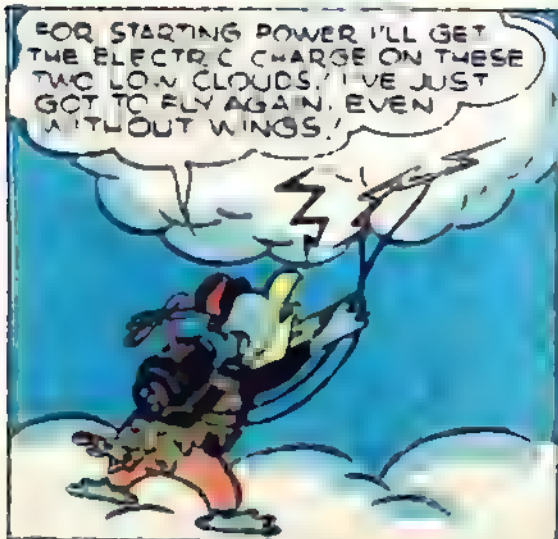
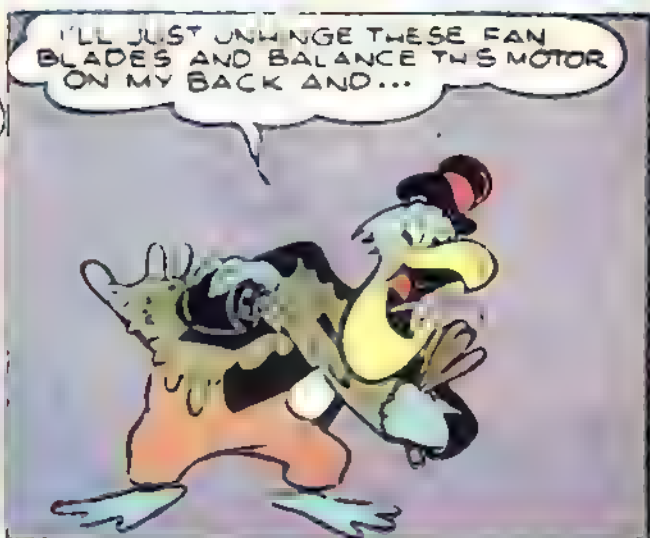
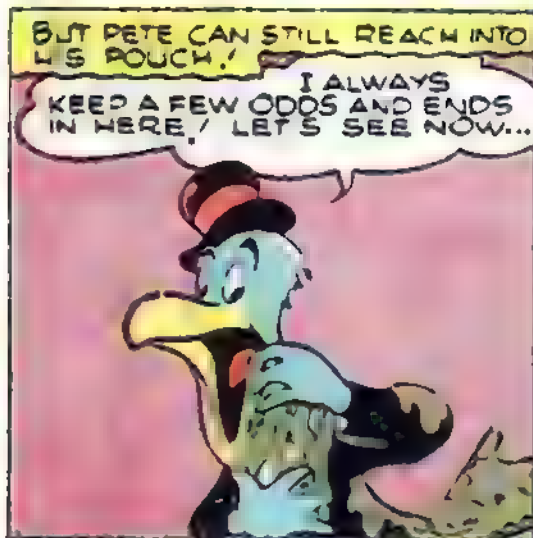
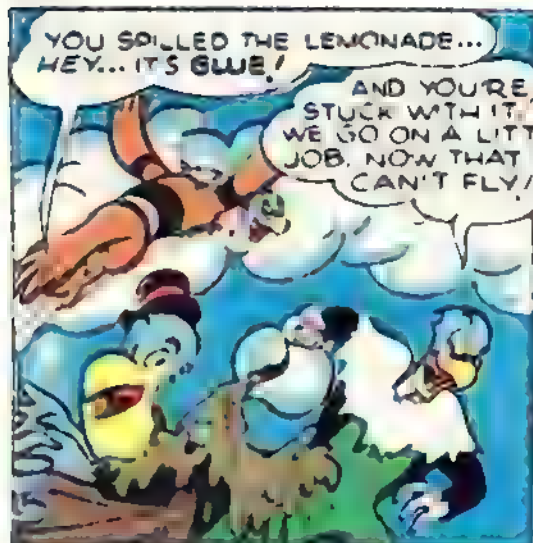
YES! DO JOIN US!

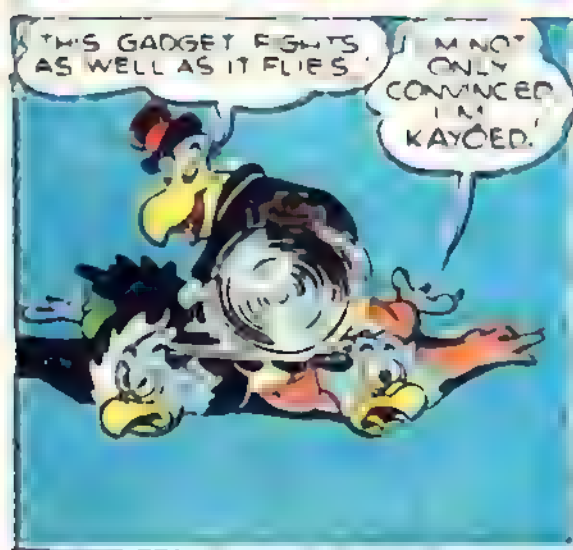
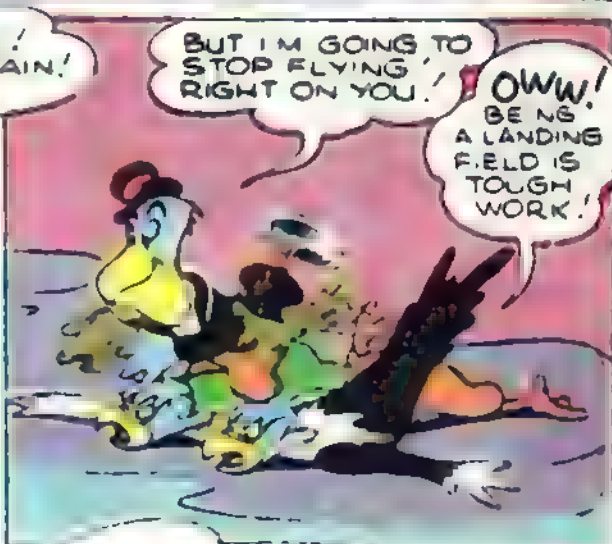
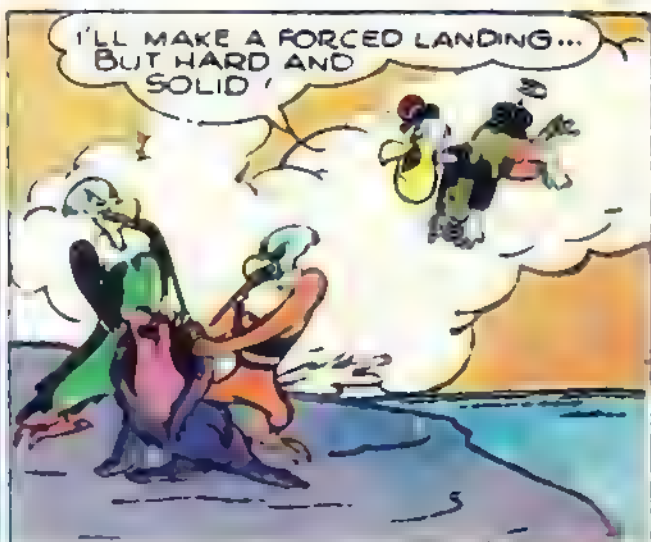


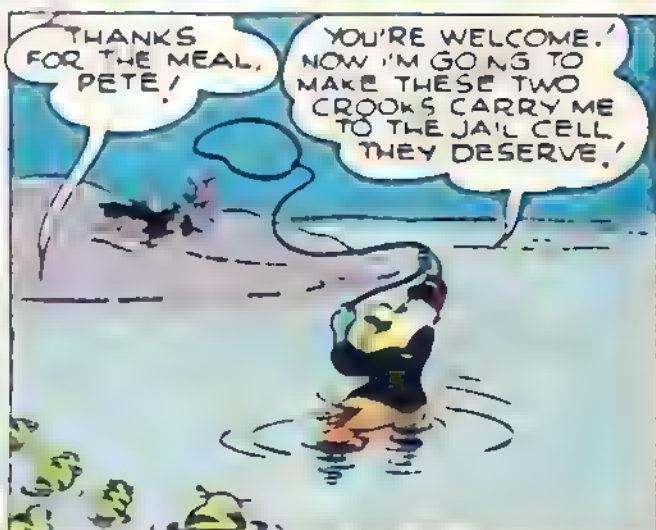
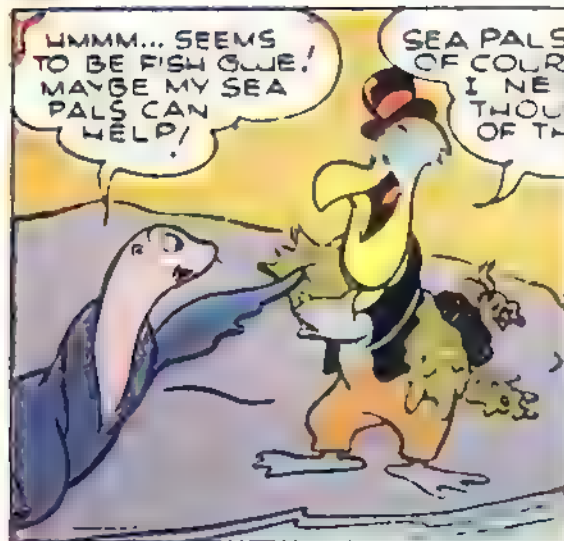
BEEN WATCHING YOU FELLOWS LATELY, BUT THIS FRIENDLY INVITE TO FOOD ENDS MY SUSPICIONS!

HA, HA! WAIT TILL HE GETS WHAT'S IN THIS PITCHER!

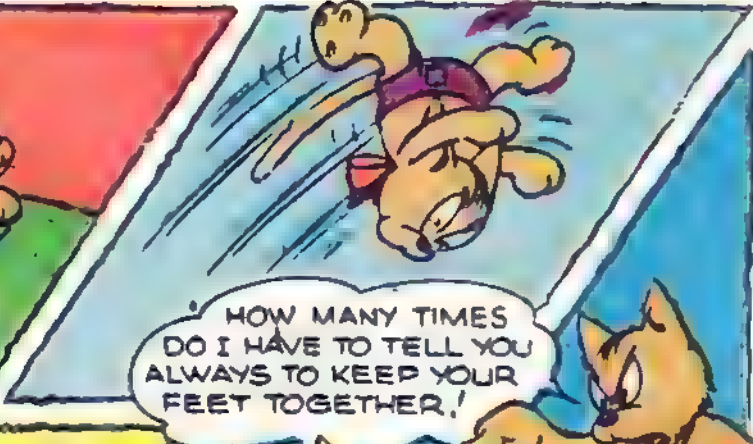
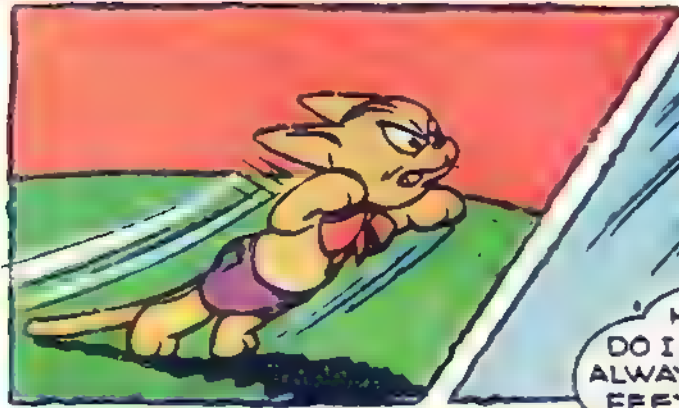
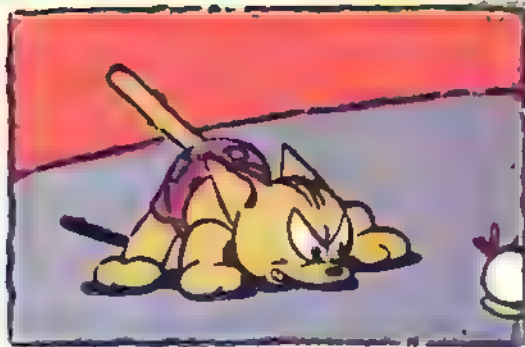
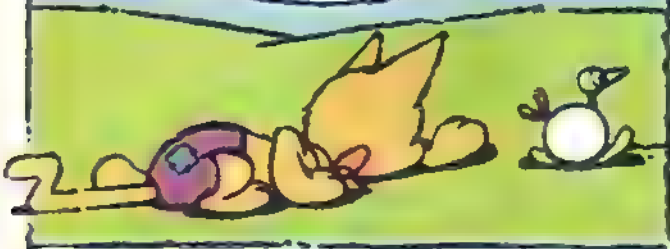
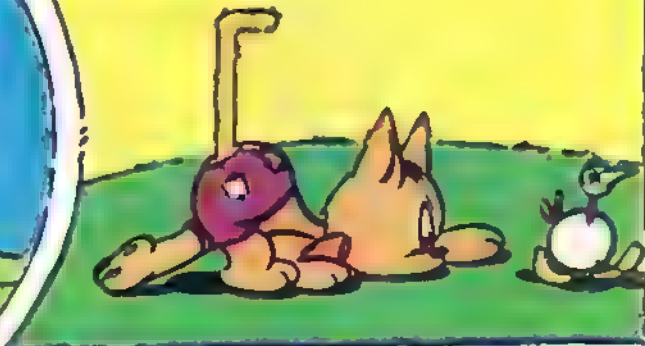
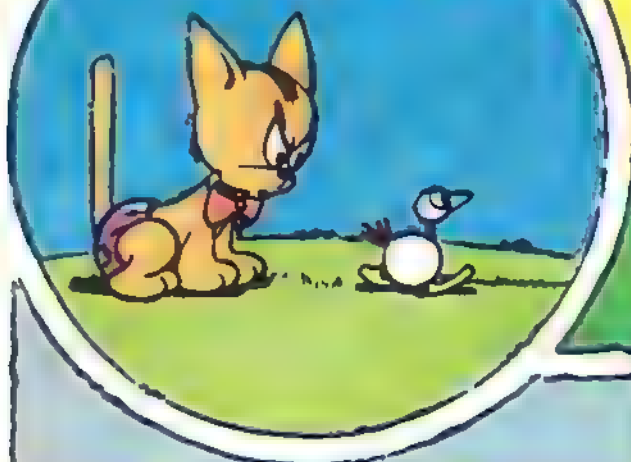




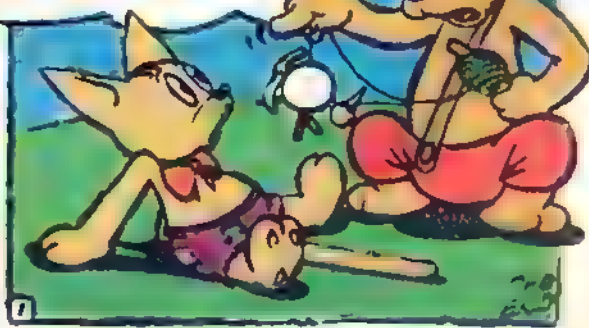
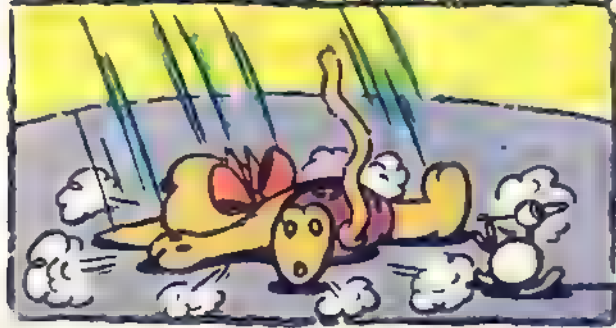




PATCHY



HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU
ALWAYS TO KEEP YOUR
FEET TOGETHER!





PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN •

A SHORT FABLE ON WHY LEOPARDS ALWAYS SEE SPOTS

AS the first shadows of twilight began to slant over the big trees, Red Squirrel lifted his smooth, shiny head from the leaves of a small branch and chirped gaily at his cousins.

"Here I am, Cousin Grey," he called to a busily searching squirrel only a yard away "Been right here all the time. So you lose today's game of hide and seek. And I win the walnuts and two fat acorns. Hand them over."

The grey squirrels gathered to pay up. And as the winner began to munch happily on the nuts that were given him, he laughed in triumph between delicious bites of nut.

"Ho-ho," snickered Red "You fellows ought to know better than to play hide and seek against a red squirrel during the autumn season. With the leaves all turning tawny and red and crimson, you never had a chance. Nature is the greatest camouflage-expert in the world. All I had to do was to sit quietly and keep my bright eyes shut. No wonder you couldn't find me, these leaves match my coat color so well."

The beaten grey squirrels did not mind Red's winning. They flocked to the tree to congratulate the victor. And just then a

screechier voice sounded from among them.

"Shure, boys, and don't be after forgettin' that many's the leaf that is still green. So no one noticed *me* either."

Every one of the squirrels, Red included, jumped at least a foot and a half in the air in surprise.

"Why," said one startled squirrel, "it's Patrick Parrot! We've been playing in his tree! He's green-feathered and the tree's green and . . ."

"Shure and I wasn't disturbed," broke in Pat "And I may be green as Ireland, but I'm not green or ignorant when it comes to knowin' why all the forest folk are so well camouflaged." And Patrick winked knowingly and rocked back and forth.

"A story! A story!" chattered the squirrels "Tell us the story of cam-o-flage!"

Pat Parrot cleared his throat in a long AARUMPH! and looked down from his tree. Sure enough, the usual audience was gathering from far and near. In the deepening twilight everyone of the fanged and furred and hooved and horned folk was coming. No one ever wanted to

miss a Pat Parrot story.

"Just you clawing and sharp-toothed fellows be sure to remember that there's to be no hunting under Pat's tree, see?" And Patrick glared down at the foxes and lions and hungry wolves below. A wolf is always hungry, and Pat knew it, and wanted to prevent trouble.

"Don't accuse me," said a big white-grey wolf, trying to smile instead of snarl. "I'm on a diet."

"And I'm not eating tonight either," hissed a soft voice right above Patrick. "I'll be good, too."

With a loud ULP! Patrick almost fell off his perch. It was a giant of a green boa-serpent speaking. "Don't be scared, Pat. I ate last week. I'm safe for at least six months." And the coiled serpent closed his glittering eyes in peace.

"Well," finally continued Pat, speaking down to the crowd of forest folk below. "the subject of tonight's story is camouflage. You, Diana Deer, you're helped by it. Your coat's so green and grey and tawny all mixed up that no one can see you if you bed down in a clump of bushes during the day to hide and rest."

Miss Deer nodded her pretty head and agreed.

"And even Lee Lion is helped by color protection. His body blends perfectly with waving grass or desert sand or . . ."

"Who, me?" roared Lee Lion. "I never hide. A king as strong as I am doesn't have to." His booming voice shook the night echoes.

"Don't be so touchy," cut in Pat. "I've seen many a lion jump in pain when a bee stung him."

"That's right," softly rumbled L. Lion. "I've been glad to hide from those stingers once or twice."

"But what about me?" purred a smooth voice from a limb in the next tree. How do you explain my coat?"

"Oh," said Pat, squinting through the dark. "It's Leopold Leopard, the spotted wonder. Now isn't that strange? I was going to tell the story of the first spotted leopard."

"Go ahead and tell it then," chorused the listeners. "We're waiting."

"Yes, Patrick," purrrr-purred Leopold. "Tell us about my great-grand-ancestor."

"Well," went on Pat Parrot, "you may not believe it, but once leopards had a plain yellow coat with *no* spots at all"

"None at all?" broke in the startled leopard. "Then how do

you explain the fact . . . ?"

"That you're all spotted now?" ended Pat. "That's easy. And this is a true story, see?"

"That's what *he* says," muttered Philip Fox under his breath. P. Fox thought Pat a big fibber.

"Easy to explain," went on Pat. "Long, long ages ago, a leopard ancestor, who had a glossy yellow coat without spots, bent to drink from a forest pool. And just as he was drinking, a fat cocoanut fell PLOP! into the mud of that pool. Mr Leopard was proud of his spotless coat and tried to avoid the splash. But no luck. Because just one dab of mud hit him on the shoulder. Yessir, it sure spoiled that perfect yellow coat, that one spot.

"Because that mud had colored iron minerals in it and they stained the leopard's coat. Just one little blotch. Of course, the leopard washed and washed at a forest spring. But it was no use. The spot wouldn't rinse away.

"That worried that ancient leopard. He'd always been so clean and neat. So he went to a big beaver who ran a washing and cleaning business under water

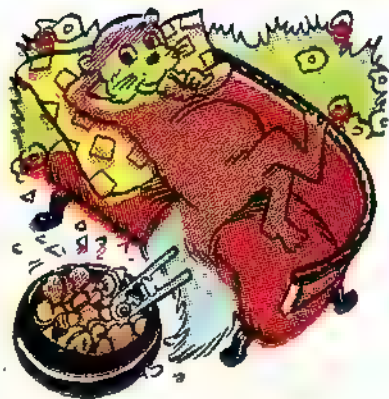
"But it was no use. The spot wouldn't wash, it wouldn't rub away, it wouldn't clean and it couldn't be matched. Both Cleaner Beaver and Leopold (Ancient-Ancessor) Leopard worried about it until finally the beaver had a grand idea.

"Why not spot the whole coat and make a neat job?" he asked of the leopard.

"What?" roared that leopard, "and ruin my color scheme?"

"But it won't spoil it," coaxed the beaver. "You'll have a swell design when I get done."

"They argued and the beaver pleaded and finally that beaver-cleaner won. He took the leopard to the same pool and did a complete spotting job on him. So



nicely, so carefully, and it came out just grand.

"And that's why all leopards have spots today," finished Pat Parrot to his listeners. "Understand?" So the story ended.

Then, of Pat's stunned audience, Phil Fox was the first to yell his disbelief. "Oh, what a whopping imagination! How do the leopard's spots help him in camouflage? Explain that, Patrick! You promised us a story of camouflage, remember?"

Pat Parrot drew his green feathers together proudly and screeched in rage at the fox.

"You're so dumb! Listen, suppose a hunter is stalking a leopard. Can any dizzy hunter shoot that leopard? No. And don't people get dizzy from seeing spots in front of their eyes? So that proves it: The leopard's spots make any enemy dizzy and then the leopard can escape before that enemy recovers. It's simple! And true."

"Maybe it's true," moaned the defeated fox. "Because I've got spots in front of my eyes from listening to you. Let me out of here! Gangway!"

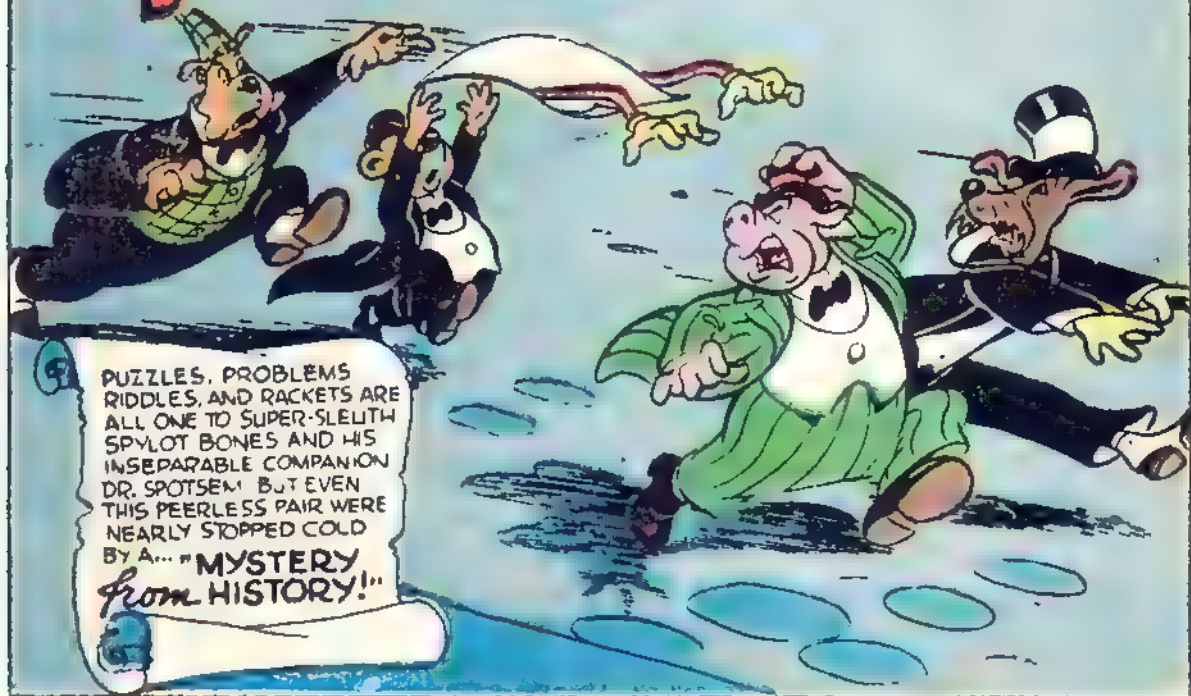
Phil Fox fled from the story-meeting. And even the leopard just blinked his eyes and didn't try to doubt Pat's story.

So that ended it.

Anyway, leopards *do* have spots.



SPYLOT BONES



IN THEIR FAKER STREET QUARTERS, SPYLOT BONES AND DR. SPOTSEM WHILE AWAY THE HOURS...

DASH IT ALL, SPOTSEM! - STOP WRITING YOUR CONFOUNDED NOTES, AND JOIN ME AT TIDDLY-WINKS!

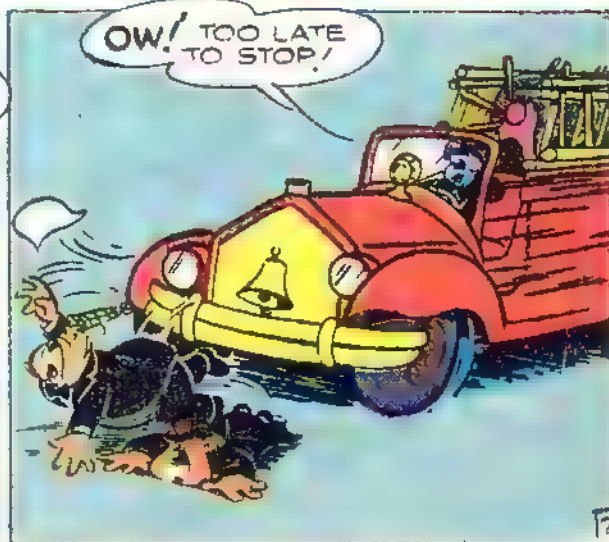
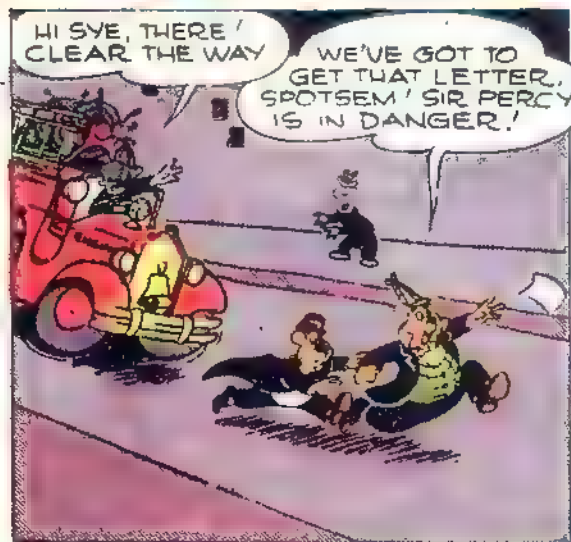
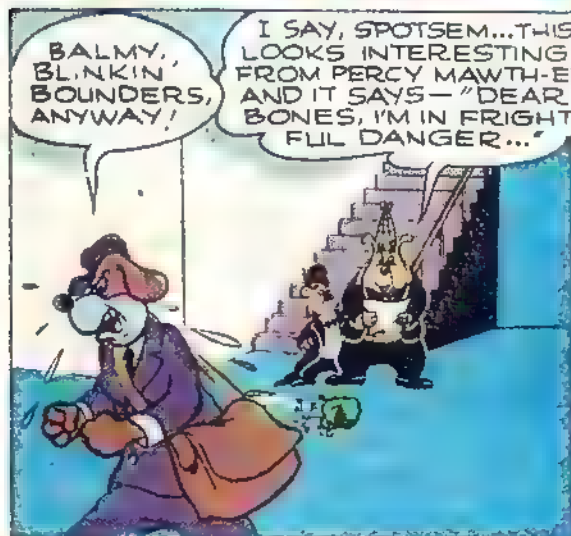
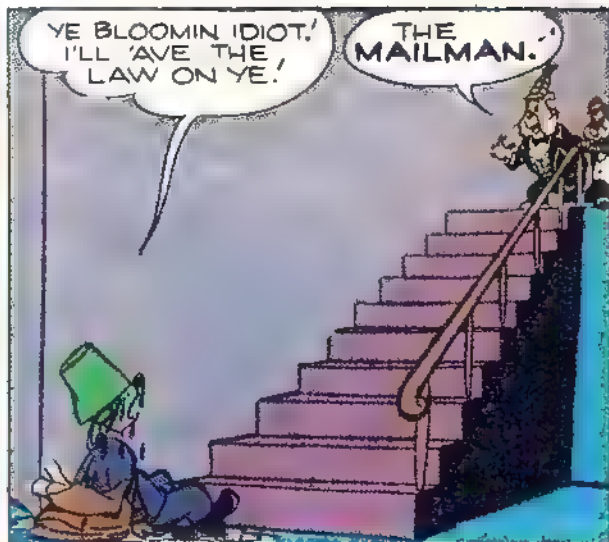
SORRY, BONES, OLD BEAN - BUT I WAS ONLY KEEPING YOUR RECORD FOR HISTORY

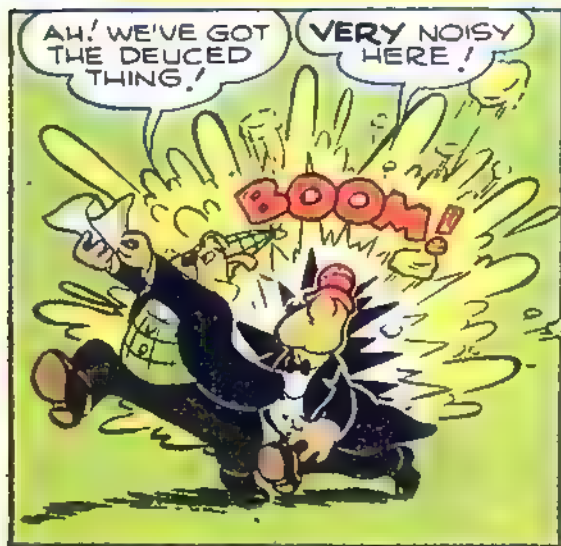
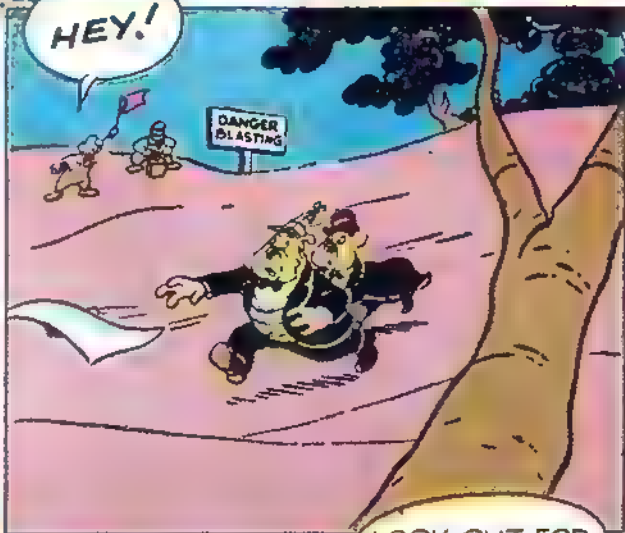
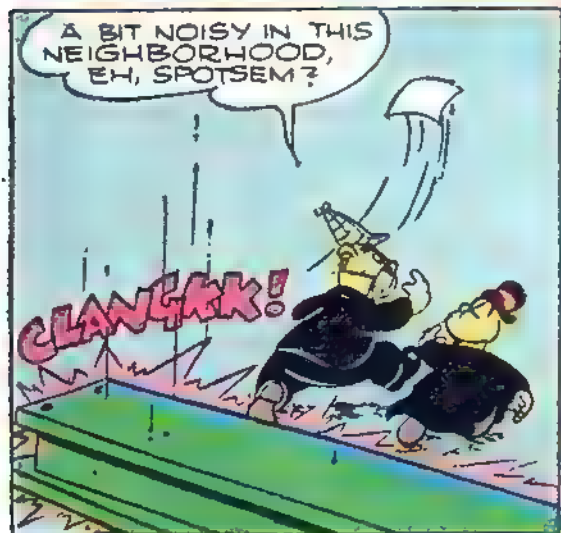
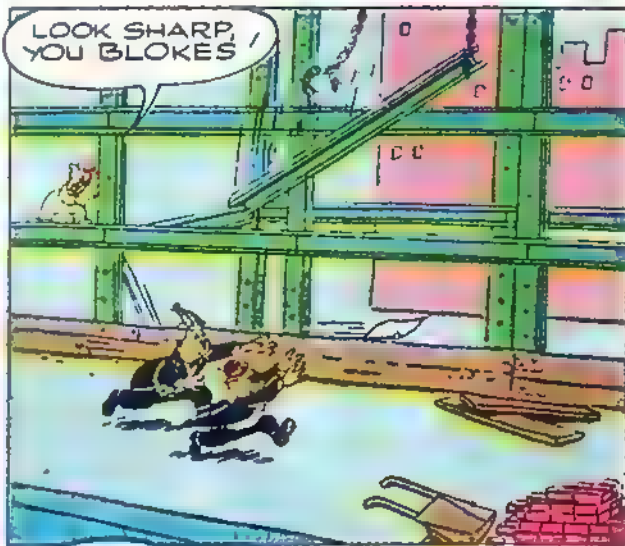
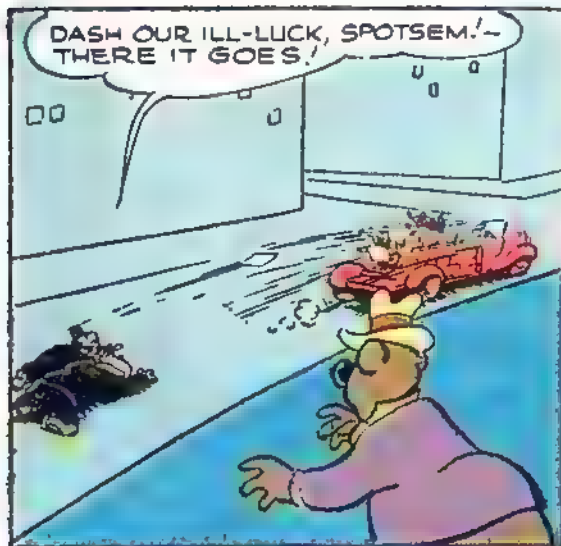


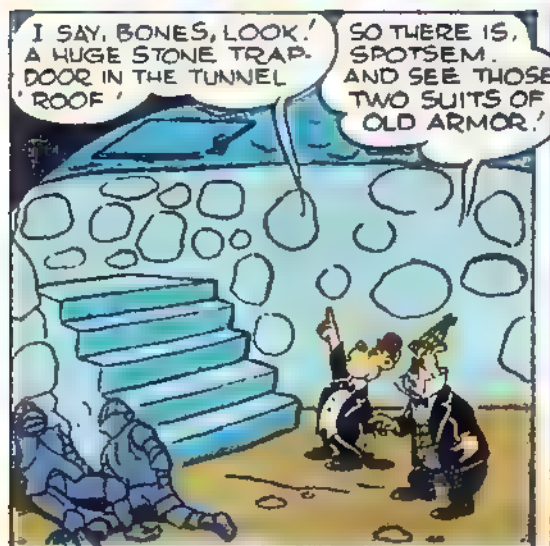
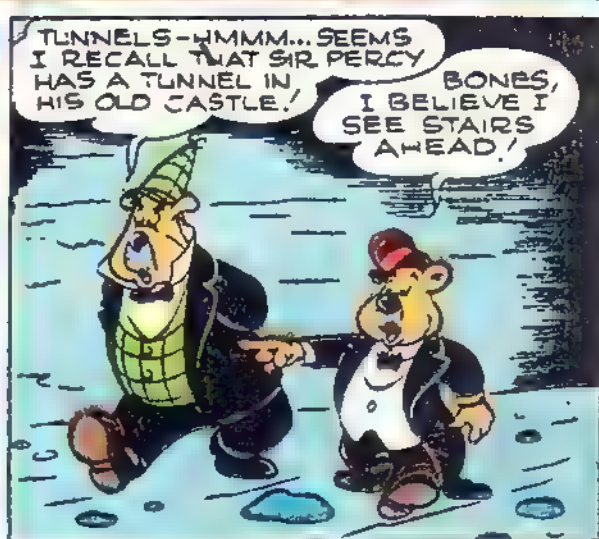
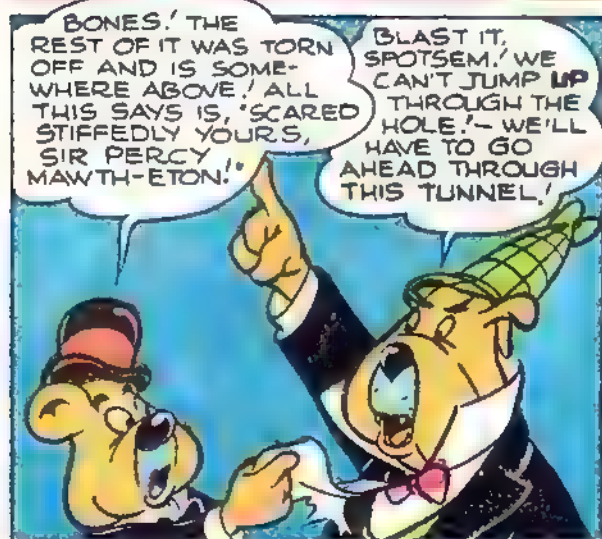
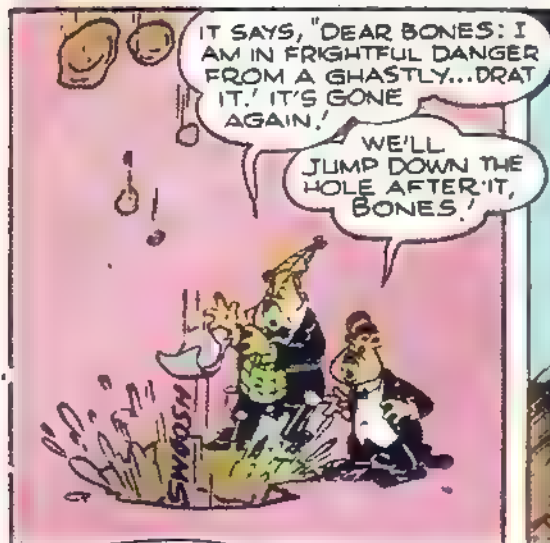
ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO RIG A SAFETY DEVICE TO PROTECT US AGAINST THE VARIOUS CRIMINALS YOU'VE SENT TO JAIL!

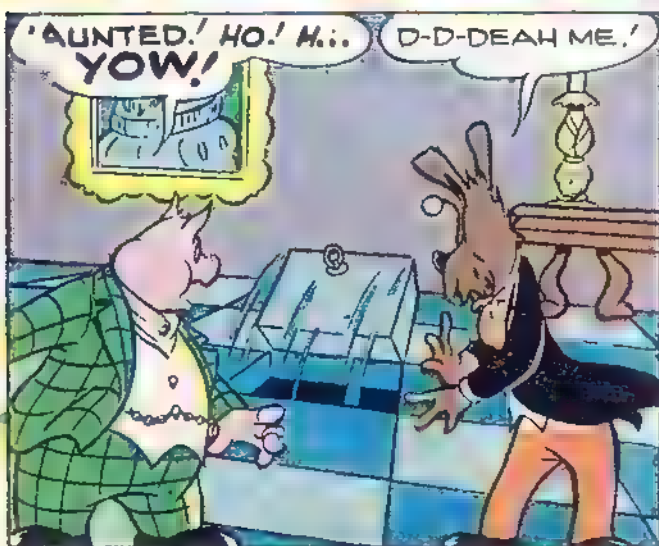
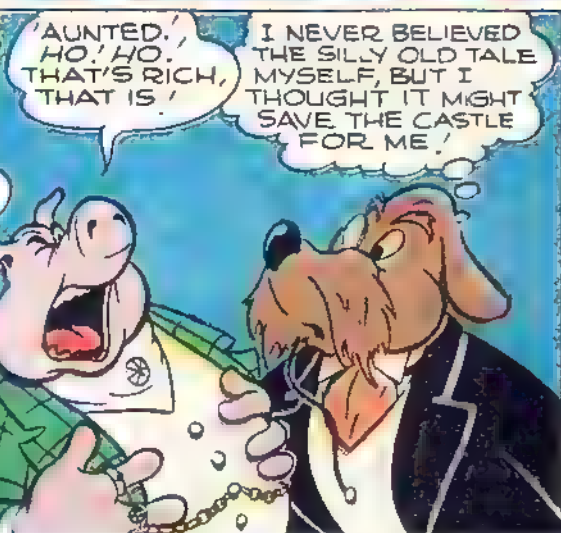
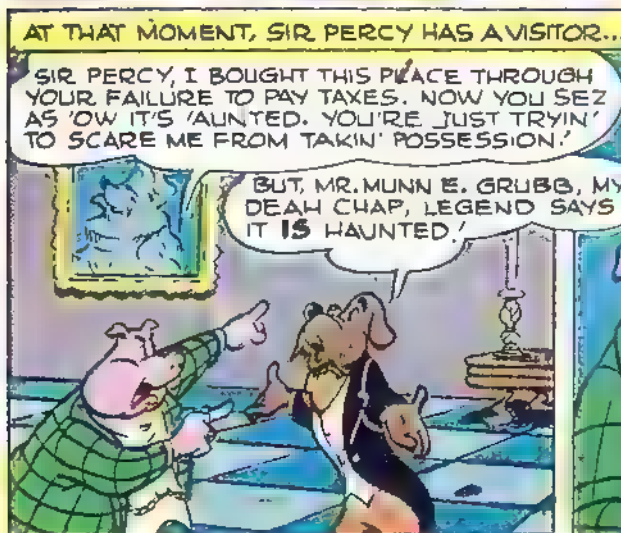
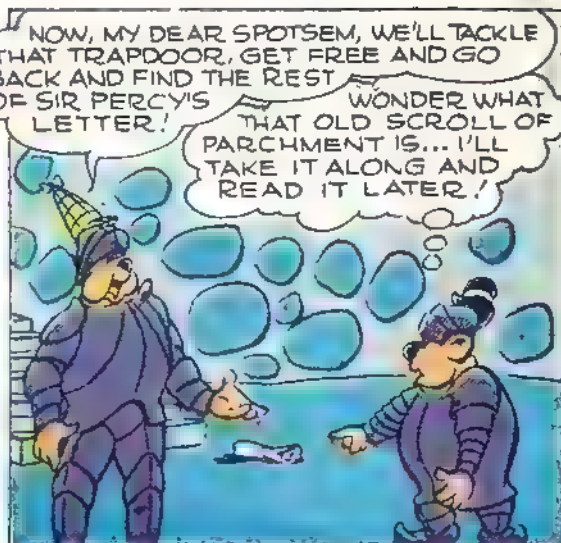
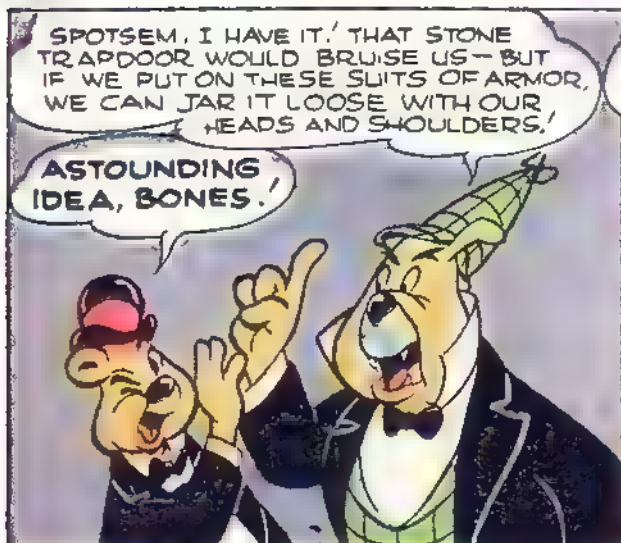
TUT TUT. OLD TOP - I'VE ALREADY DONE THAT!

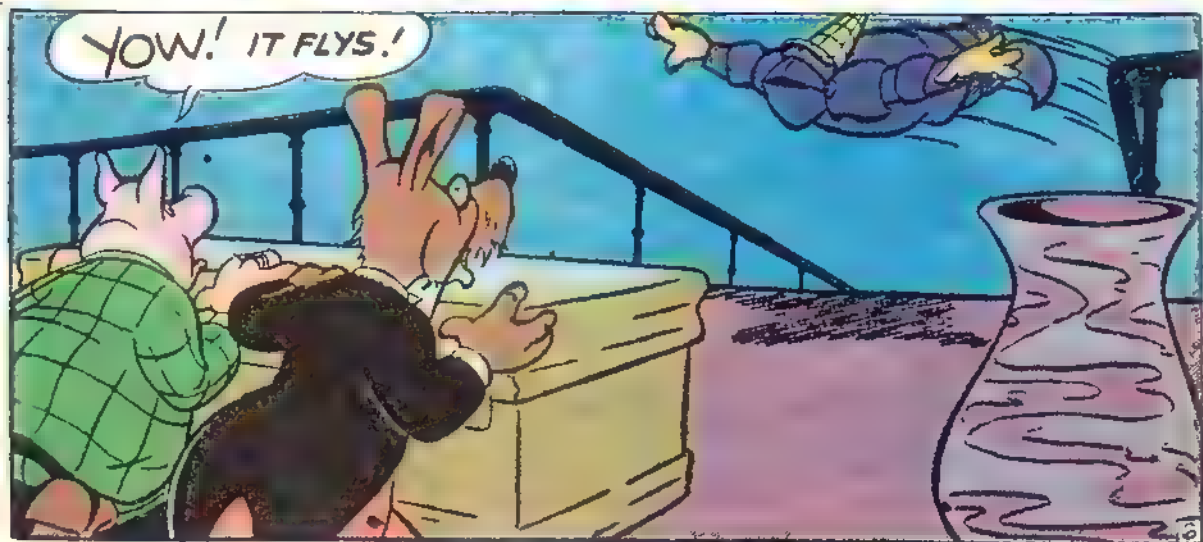
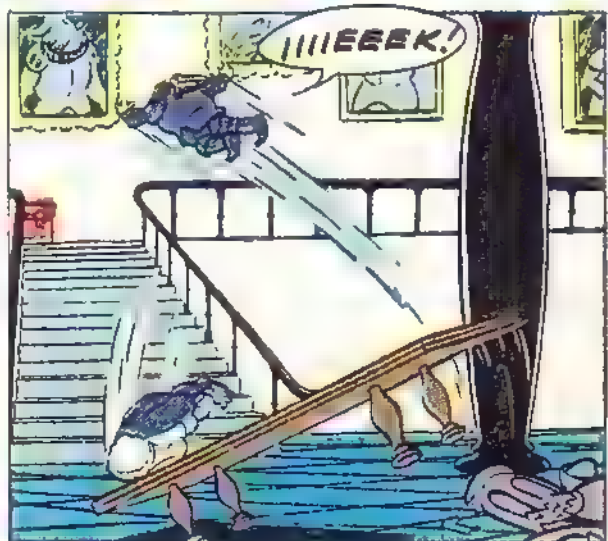
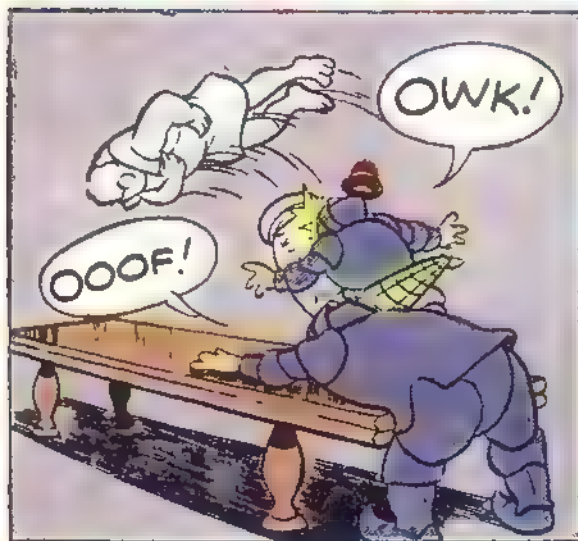
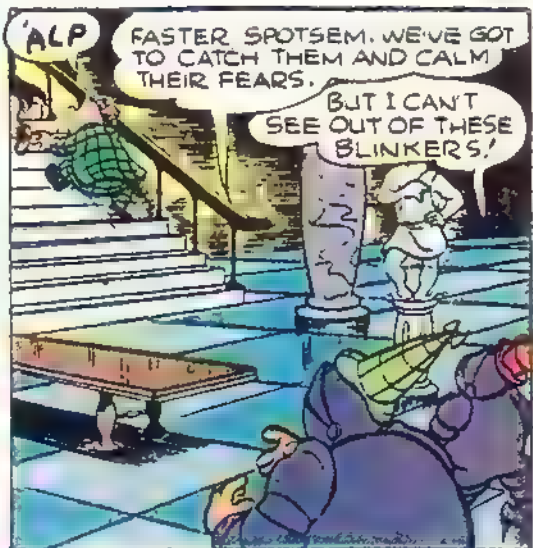


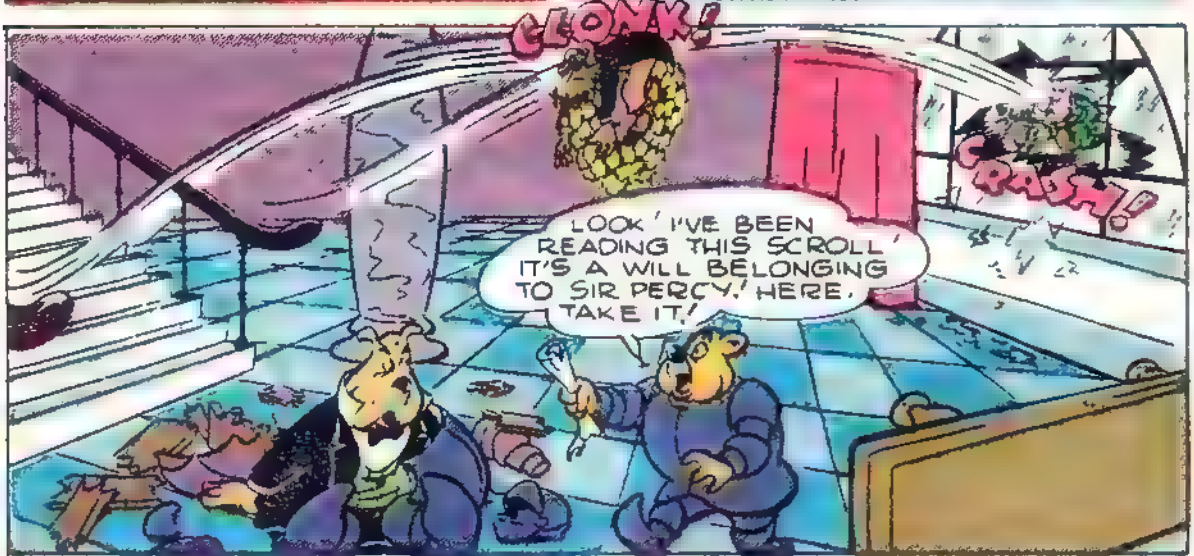
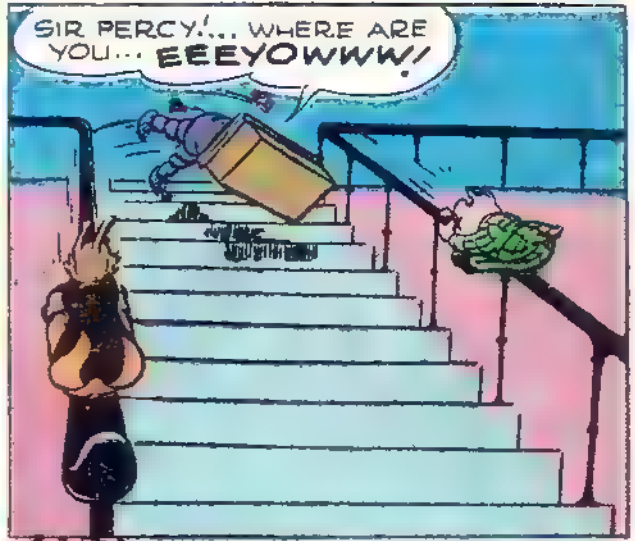


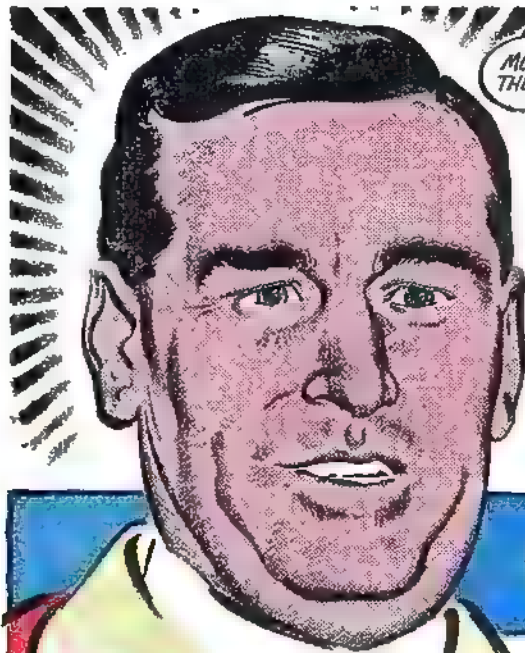












THEY MUST'VE HAD THEIR WHEATIES



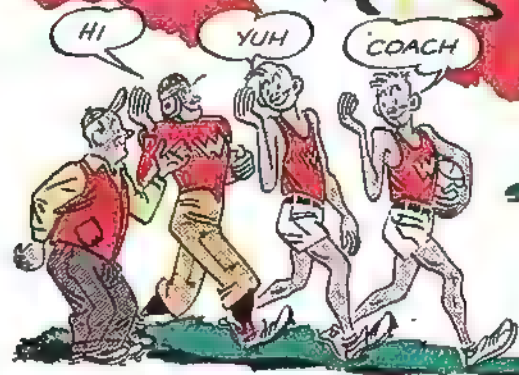
YEAH, THEY MUST'VE

COACHING MISSOURI IN 1911, JONES ENTERED THE BIG TEN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. SO LIGHTLY WERE MISSOURI TRACKMEN HELD THAT OFFICIALS ALLOWED THEM NO SCORE-BOARD SPACE. BUT JONES' TIGERS CHALKED UP THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Tom JONES

YOU'RE OFF TO A FAST START

DEAN OF TRACK AND FIELD COACHES, HIS 34 YEAR RECORD AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN IS STUDDED WITH CHAMPIONSHIPS



JONES HAS COACHED BASKETBALL, FOOTBALL AND TRACK AT WISCONSIN. CONCENTRATING ON TRACK SINCE 1925, HE'S DEVELOPED CHAMPIONS IN EVERY MAJOR TRACK AND FIELD EVENT



"IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S PACKED WITH GOOD NOURISHMENT, I'D SAY TRY WHEATIES." SAYS TOM JONES. "WHEATIES ARE FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, AND HAND YOU A SUPPLY OF WHOLE WHEAT'S FOOD-ENERGY TO HELP GIVE YOU A FAST START FOR YOUR DAY"

HURDLES? HIGH JUMP? BROAD JUMP? SHOT PUT? DISCUS?

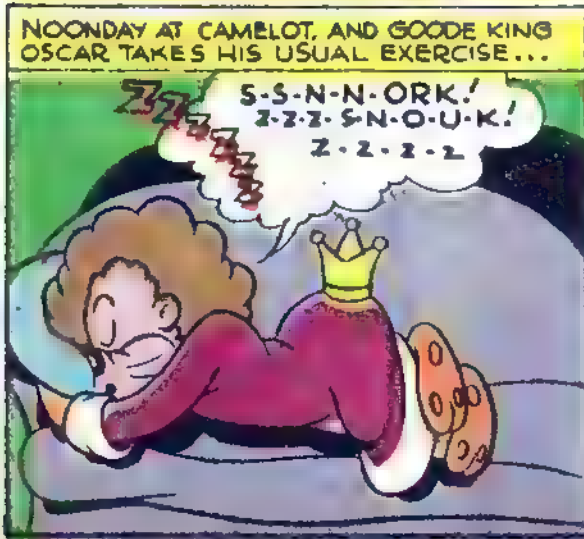
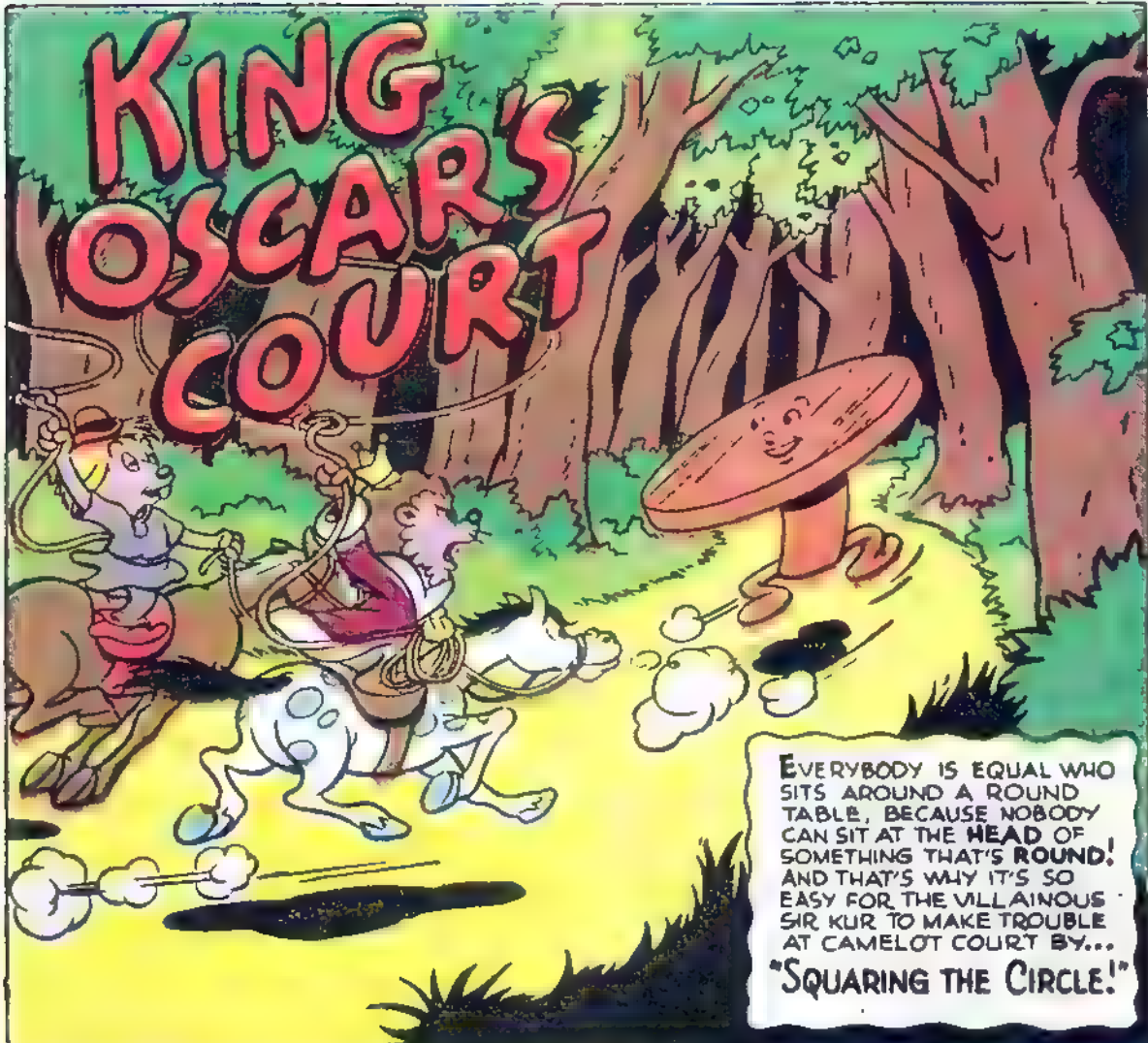
THERE'S A PLACE IN TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS FOR EVERY NORMAL BOY," SAYS CHAMPION COACH JONES. PICK YOUR SPOT--AND LEARN YOUR FUNDAMENTALS--FROM JONES' NEW BOOK, "WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?" (FIELD EVENTS). SEE WHEATIES PACKAGE ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY...AND CHECK ON 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

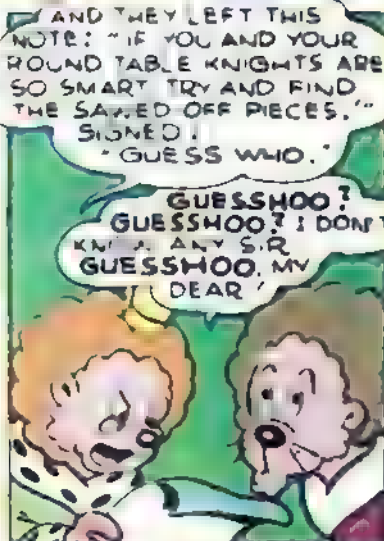
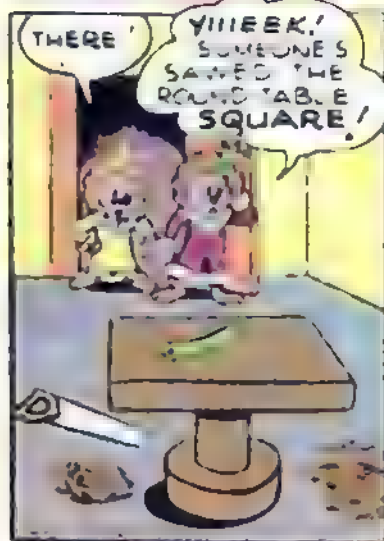
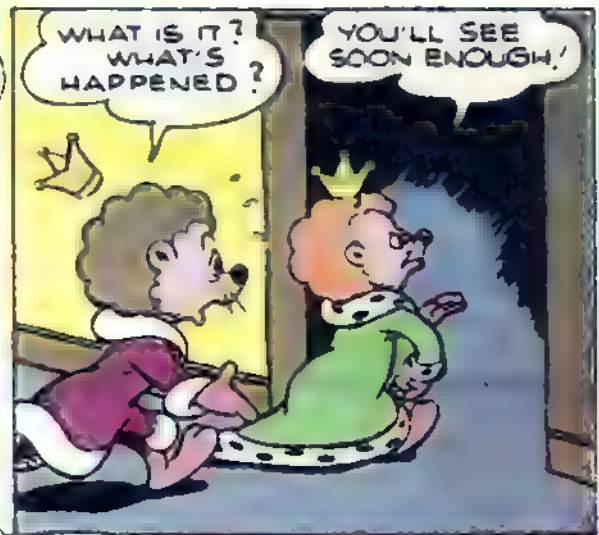
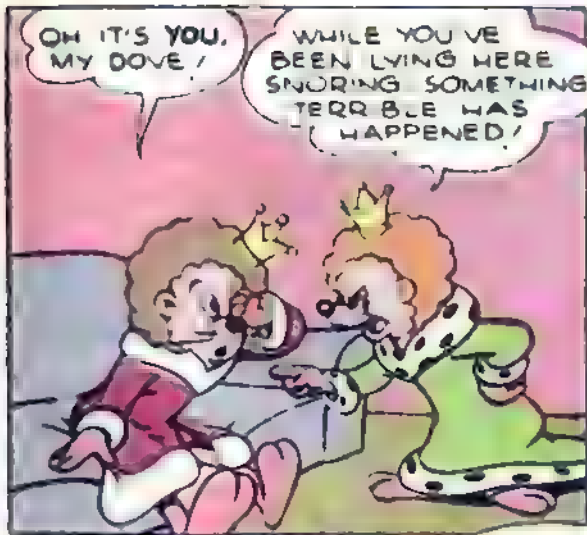
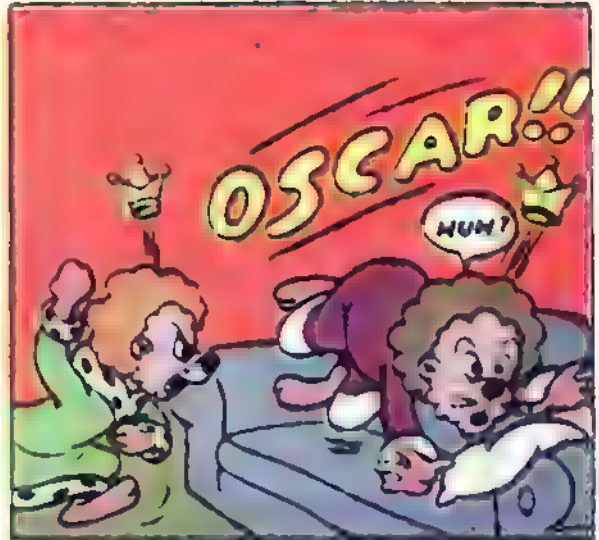


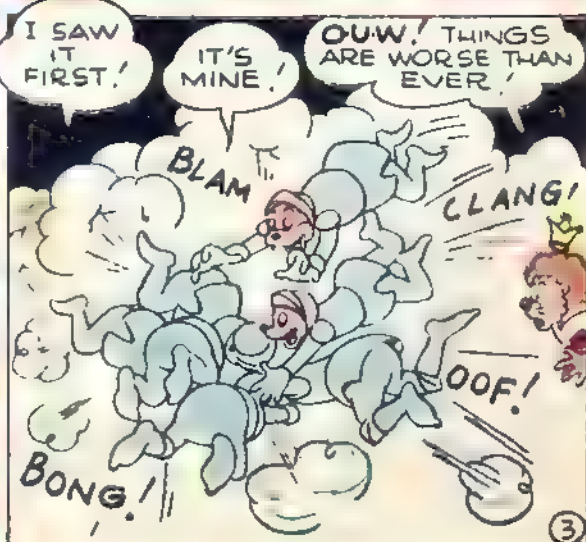
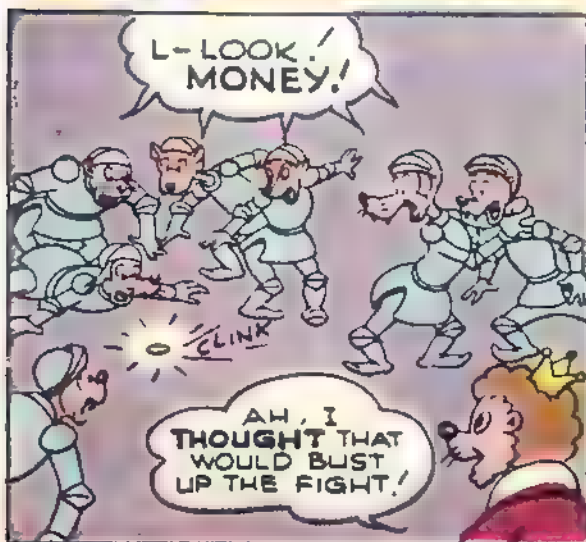
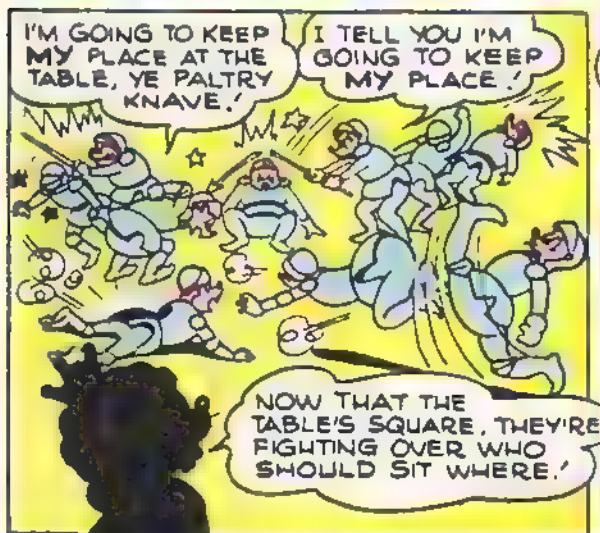
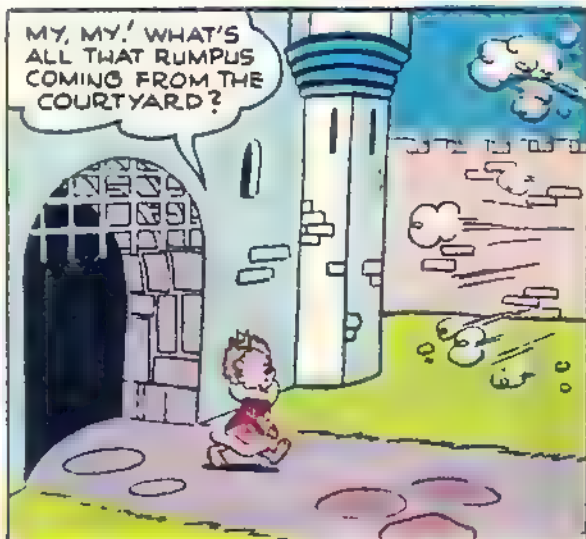
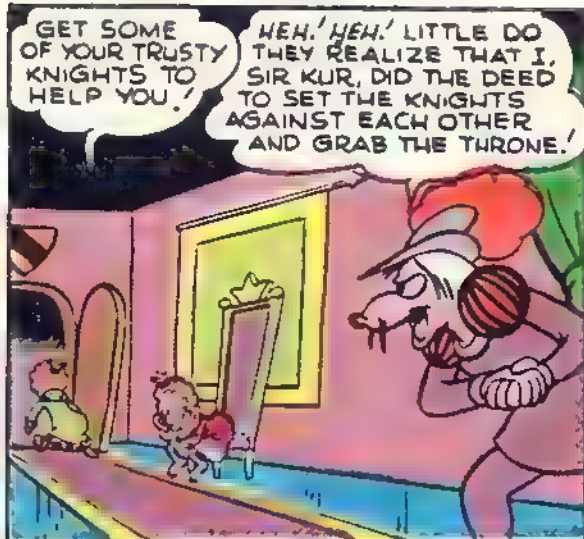
POLE VAULT!



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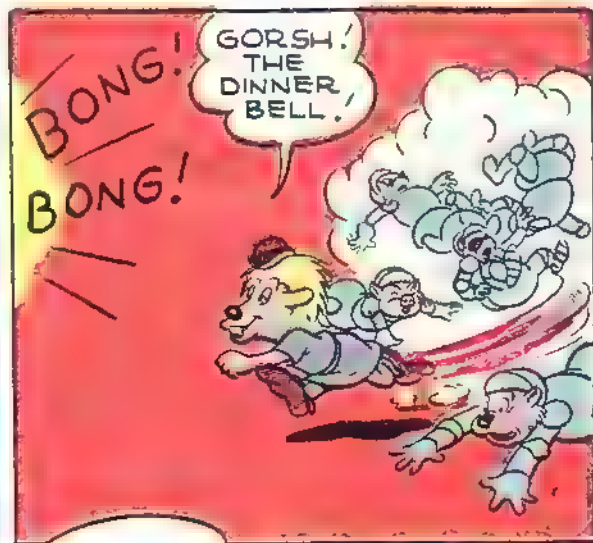






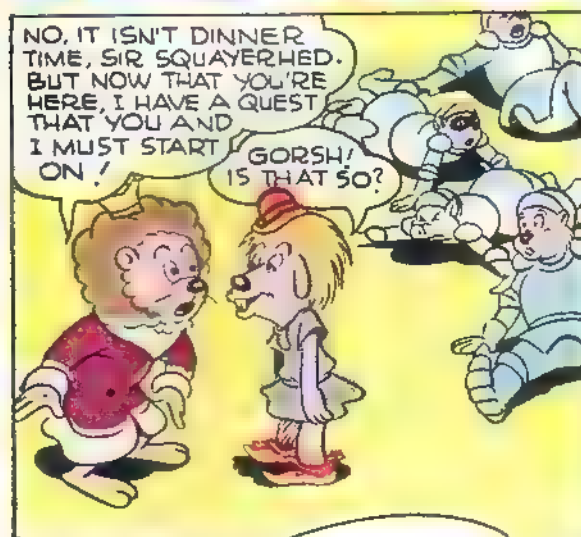


THIS WILL GET
ONE OF THAT
BUNCH OUT,
ANYWAY!



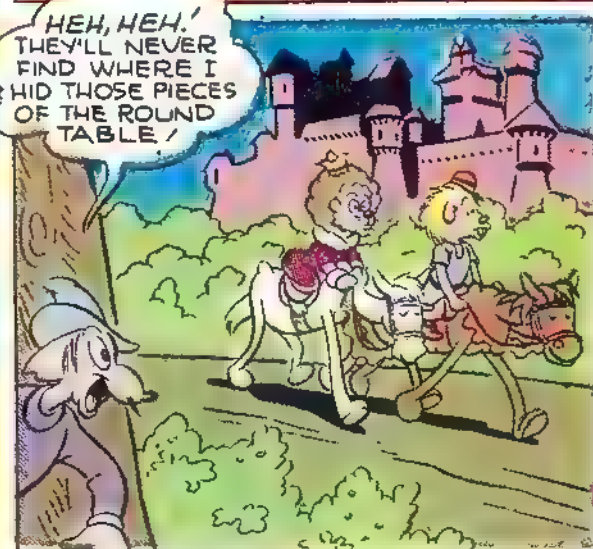
BONG!
BONG!

GORSH!
THE
DINNER
BELL!

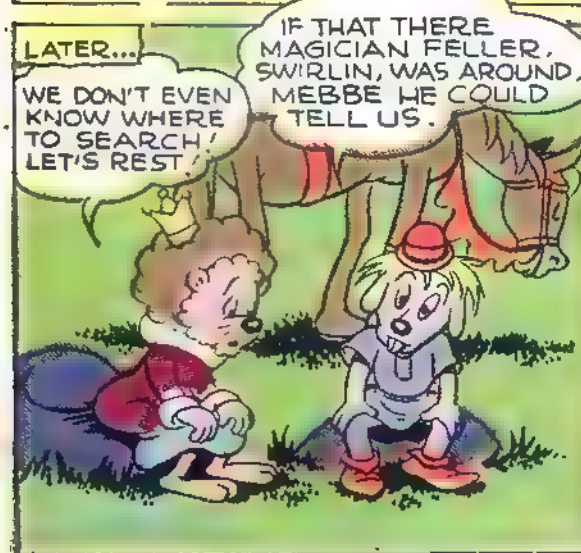


NO, IT ISN'T DINNER
TIME, SIR SQUAYERHED.
BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE
HERE, I HAVE A QUEST
THAT YOU AND
I MUST START
ON!

GORSH!
IS THAT SO?



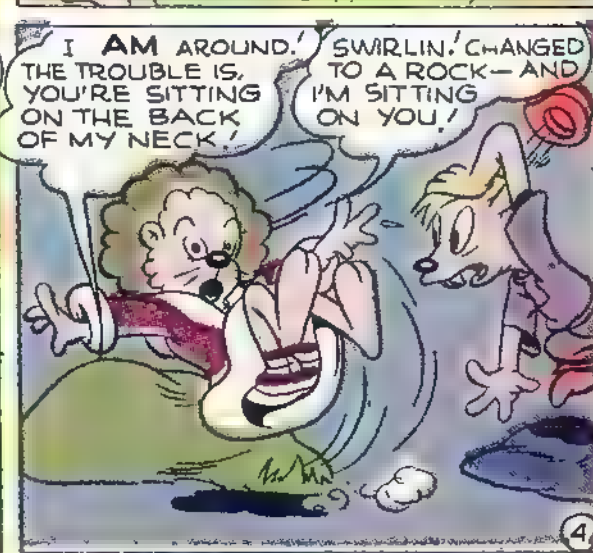
HEH, HEH!
THEY'LL NEVER
FIND WHERE I
HID THOSE PIECES
OF THE ROUND
TABLE!



LATER...

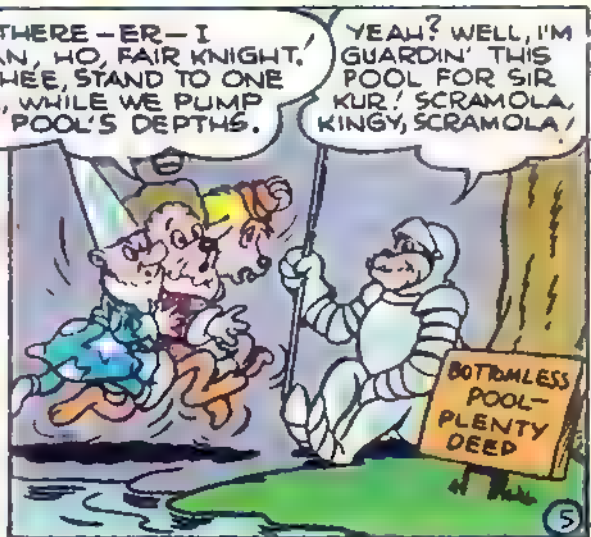
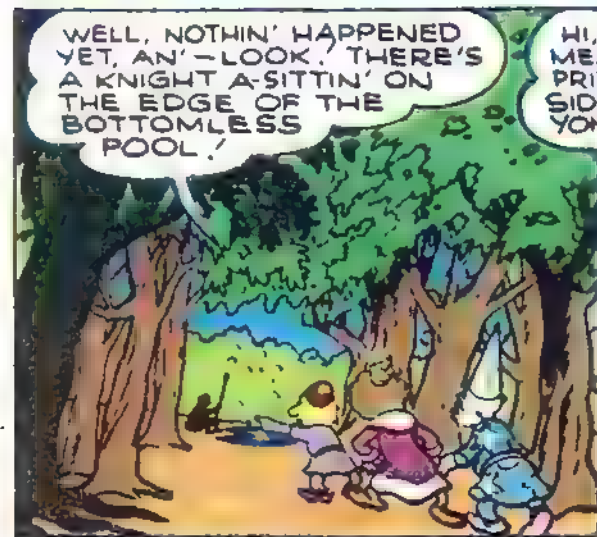
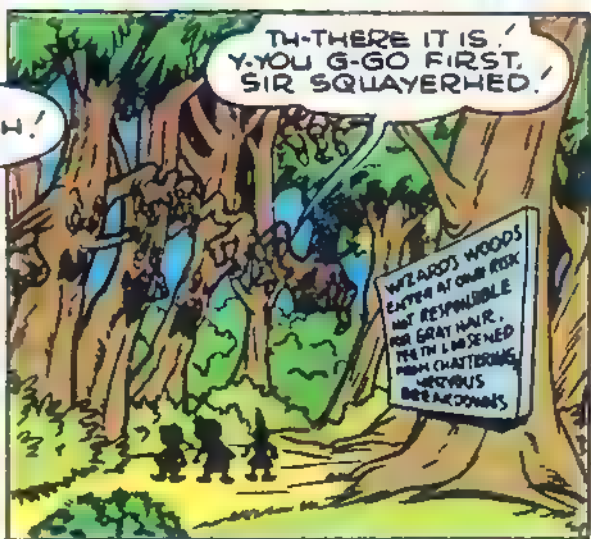
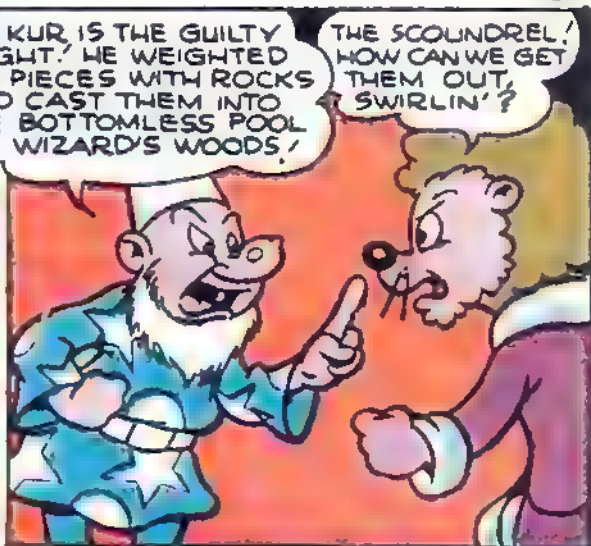
WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHERE
TO SEARCH!
LET'S REST!

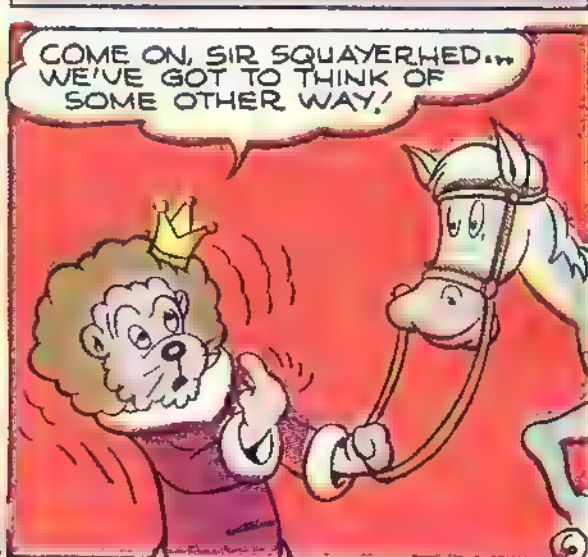
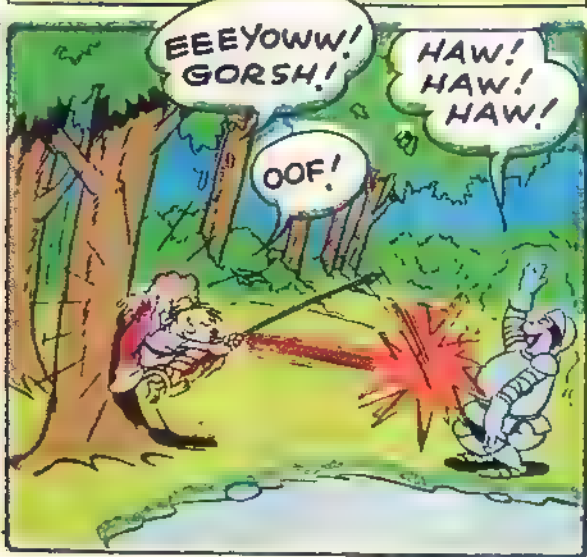
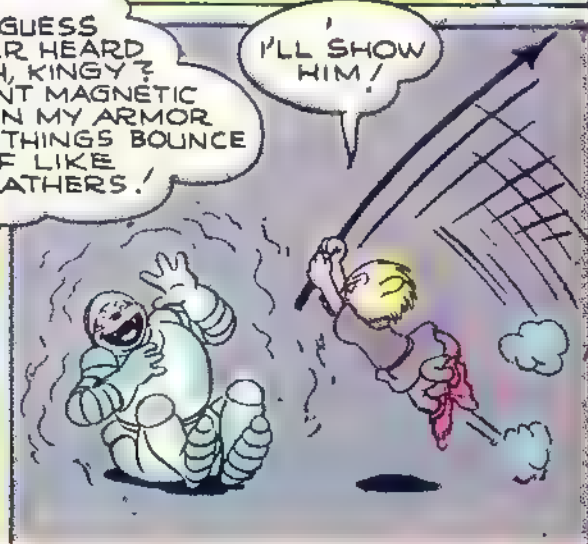
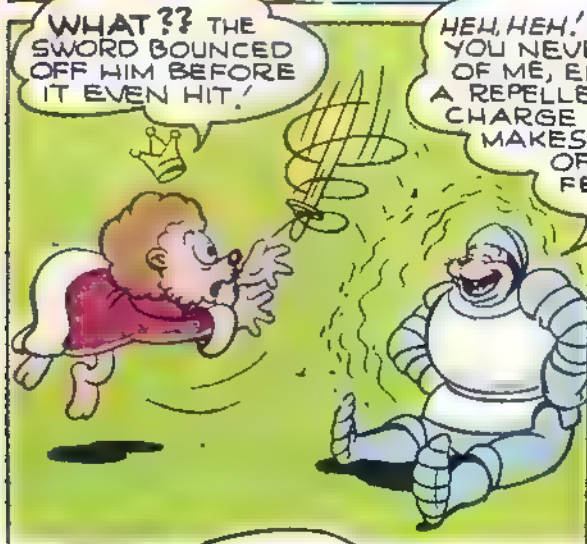
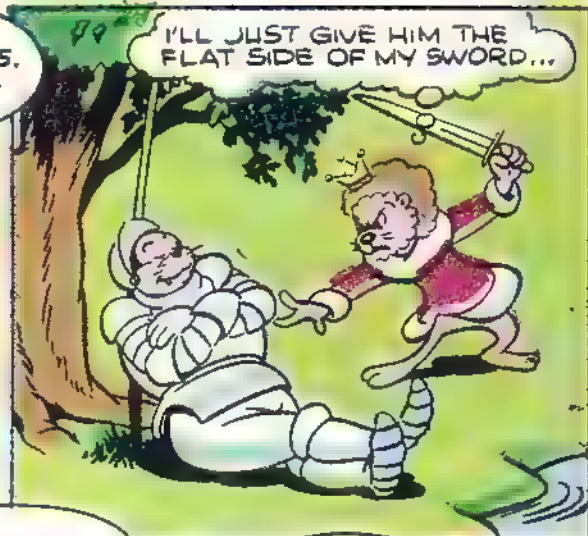
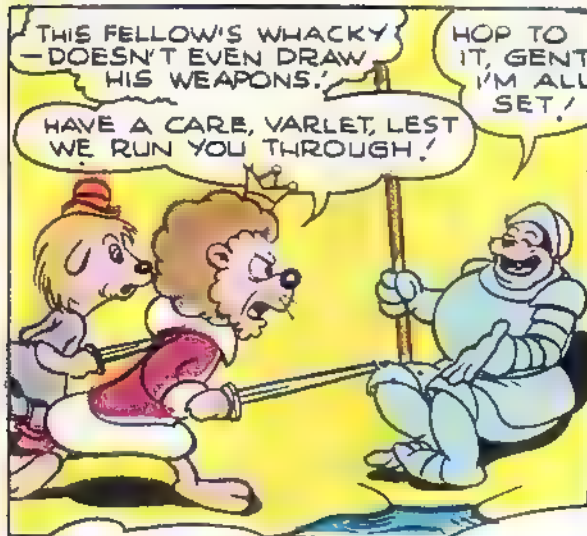
IF THAT THERE
MAGICIAN FELLER,
SWIRLIN', WAS AROUND,
MEBBE HE COULD
TELL US.

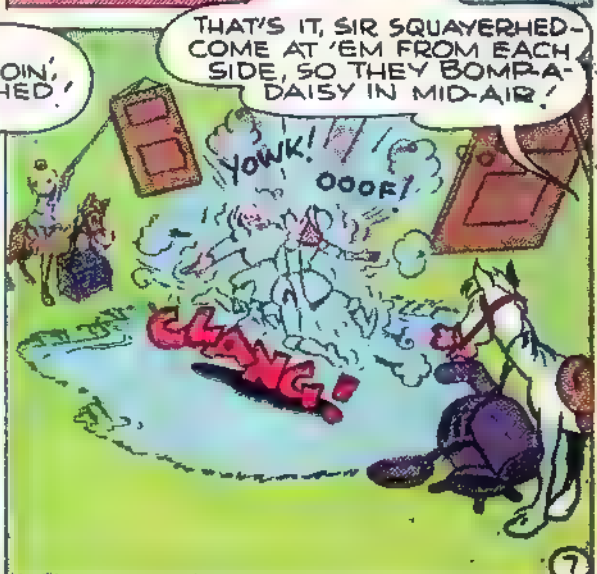
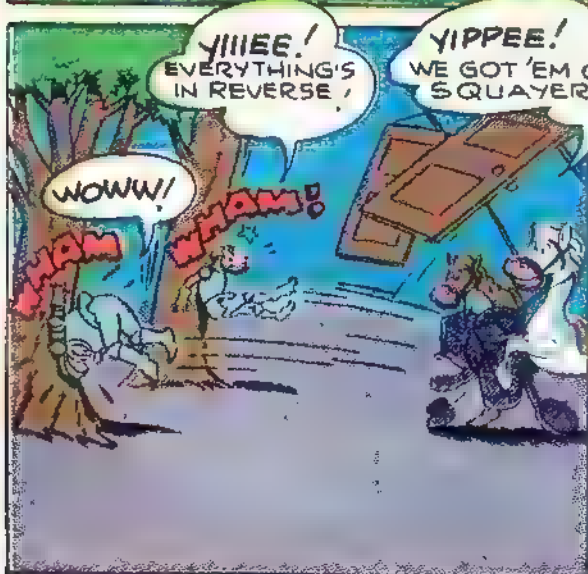
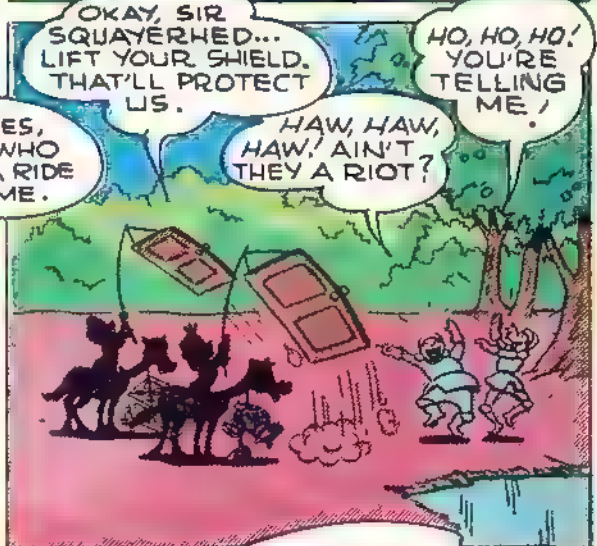
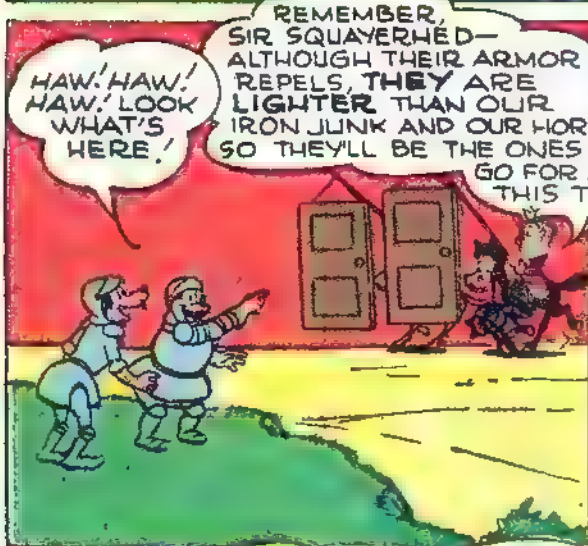
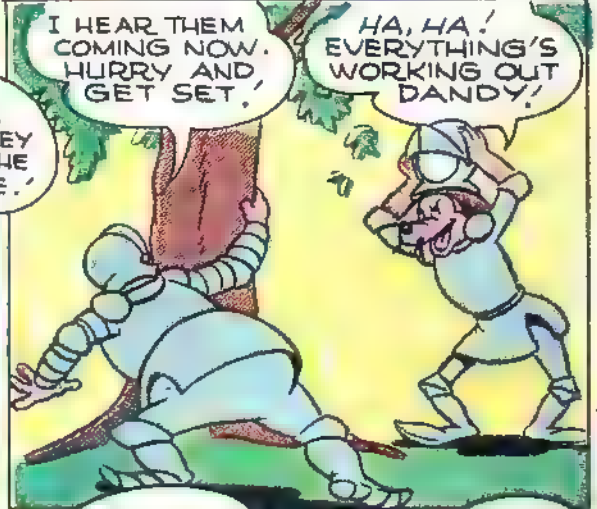


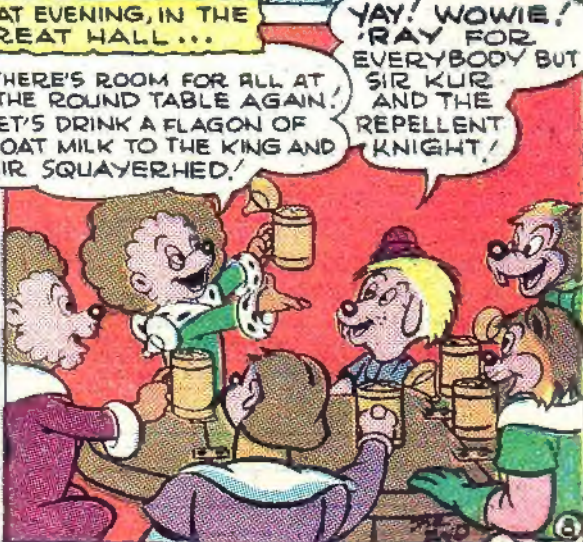
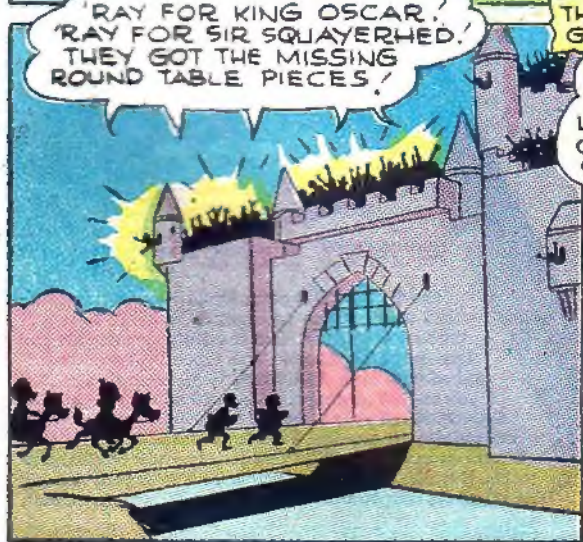
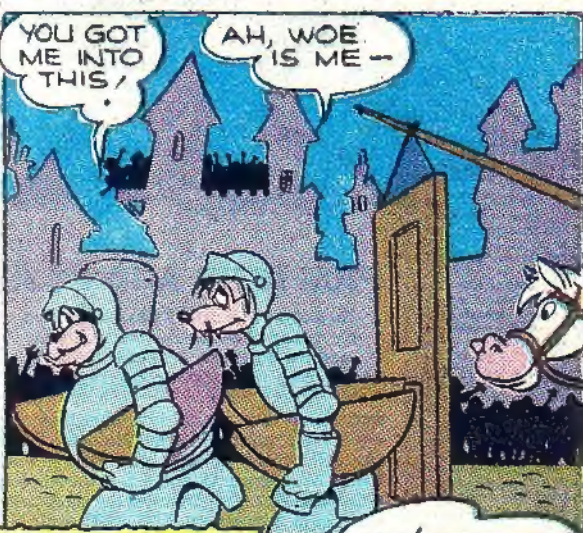
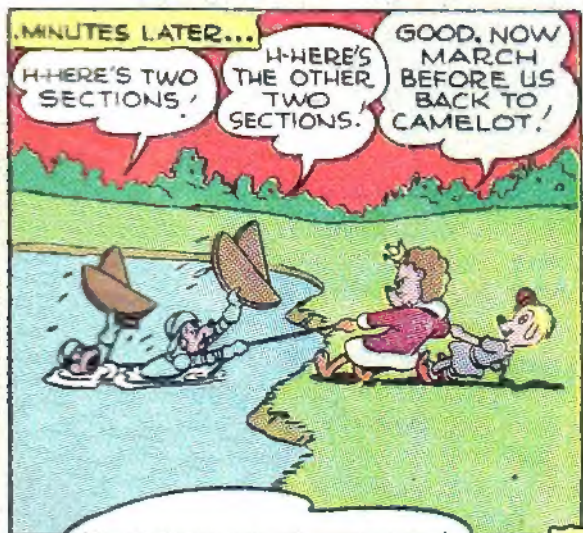
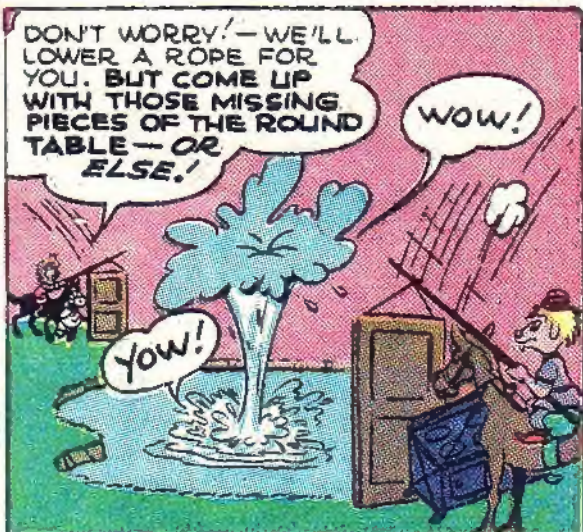
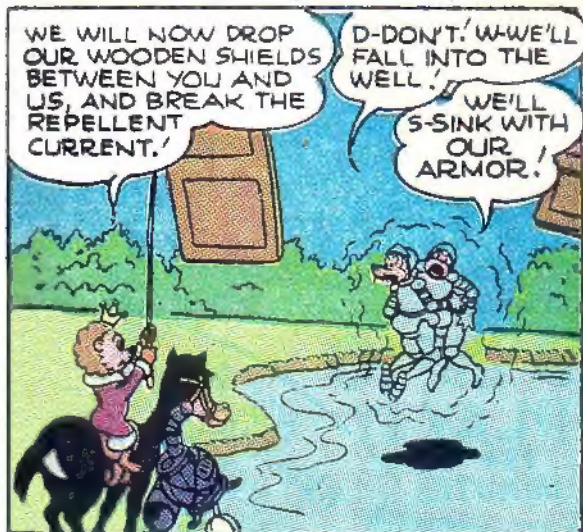
I AM AROUND!
THE TROUBLE IS,
YOU'RE SITTING
ON THE BACK
OF MY NECK!

SWIRLIN' CHANGED
TO A ROCK— AND
I'M SITTING
ON YOU!









IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE

YOU CAN PLAY THE GAHOON!



BOYS! GIRLS!

Play by "ear". Use the big dance orchestra for your accompaniment. Turn on the radio, or play a record on the "Vic", and you take the "lead" with your GAHOON. Get your friends interested and arrange a GAHOON Band for school entertainments and party corners. Or be the "hit" at parties with your Solo GAHOON. Easy to play, fun to play, and real music without study or reading notes. Get Dad or Mother to order GAHOONS for the whole family, and see how quick you'll be turning in the "hot lights" while the family plays the harmony. Any boy or girl ten years of age, or older, can learn to play the GAHOON in ten minutes or less. Send your order today. Remember, you get your money back if you return the GAHOON in ten days.

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study—no lessons—no musical education no reading of notes—no practice. Simply bend the mysterious stem and PLAY IT!

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening air ports, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. This shortening or lengthening of the air column determines the tone, half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot, sweet," loud, soft, rumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

9 OUT OF 10
PLAY IT
IN 10
MINUTES

SOUNDS
LIKE
A
SAXO-
PHONE

IT'S A
REAL
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT

NOT A
HUMMING TOY
NOT A
WHISTLING
GADGET

IT'S A
SENSATION
AT
PARTIES

PLAY SWING
BOOGIE
WOOGIE
RUMBA

GENUINE
SAXOPHONE
MOUTHPIECE
GENUINE
SAXOPHONE
REED

PLAYS "SWEET"
PLAYS
"HOT"

NOTHING
MORE TO PAY
Complete
\$1.00

MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT
IN TEN MINUTES

The GAHOON is yours for \$1.00—a hundred dollars worth of fun and melody. AND—\$1.00 is NOT the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished with each GAHOON. Read them once, THEN if you are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the GAHOON and your \$1.00 will be refunded at once, without quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first in your group to introduce this amazing new musical sensation. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical skill. Send the coupon with a \$1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order.

GAHOON PROD. CO., Dept. 11, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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520 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto GAHOON, with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten minutes. I enclose \$1.00 in full payment and you agree to return this \$1.00 if I return the Gahoon in ten days after getting it.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



A PREVUE OF MAGAZINES SELLING AT YOUR DEALERS!



SUSPENSE



THRILLS



ACTION



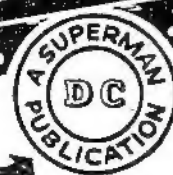
MYSTERY




LAUGHS



EXCITEMENT



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AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

**YOURS TO TEST
ON OUR
MONEY BACK OFFER**

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, dependable storm glass (or plastic house). The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather

House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D.

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☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I Enclose \$1.69. Postage Prepaid. ☐ 2 for \$2.98

☐ 6 for \$8.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00. ☐ Send Five Leaf only.

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City..... State.....



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